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SAILOR BILL'S YARN.

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Say, Johnnie, come here to Sailor Bill,
Come sit upon my knee;
I'll spin ye a yarn 'bout a little boy
That once belonged to me:
He was jist of a size with you, he was,
His eyes were jist as blue;
He smiled the same sorter smile, he did,
And was jest as many, too.

Why do I cry, d'ye say? Wal, at times,
When I think o' little Jim,
The tear will come, though it ain't because
That I'm a 'fraida' for him;
For, Johnnie, he's gone to a better place
Than the world in which we are,
And not to be esp. of the Spanking Sue
Would I her him bask from thar.

But do—I mean I ain't telled yer
Nothin about it at all;
Wal, then, what I'm goin' to say took place
Sometime in last year's fall.
When the Spanking Sue'd concluded to wait
For a time in Naples Bay,
And me'n some mates had gone ashore
To spend our chink an' the day.

A rousin' time we had of it thar;
We gamed, and danced and swore,
An' kicked up a drunken row thar, too,
And—wal, I remember no more:
But just awoke to in my bunk at night,
With an orful pain in my head,
And, as I looked up, I seed a sight
As filled me all over with dread.

For, Johnnie, I see'd my Jimmie thar;
He was rigged up all in white;
He looked a look that was orful sad,
Then vanished from my sight.
Next mornin' my mates, when they heard the tale,
Tried to larf it from my head;
But still I felt sad as bad could be,
For I knew my Jim was dead.

In a month I war back in my native town,
An' larn't that it was too true;
He died on the night that he'd come to me,
On the very same hour, too.
Ah, Johnnie, you smile, but why shouldn't He
Who shed for us his blood,
Let poor little Jim come to warn his dad,
When it done such heaps o' good.

Since then I ain't jined a game o' cards,
Nor tached a drop o' rum,
And—damn it—I've tried to stop cussing,
But the cuss will sometimes come.
An' when the body o' Sailor Bill
Lies rottin' in the grave,
I know that Jimmy will see the dad
Whose soul he helped to save.

WM. S. WALSH.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOYCE DORMER'S" STORY.

CHAPTER XL.

DRIFTING.

Miss Pyecroft departed from Linthorp just before John Carteret received his letter and had made up his mind that he must stay there no longer.

For that was the conclusion at which he had arrived after reviewing all that Lady Pechford had said to him; and, as he began to look around him, with the veil that had been blinding him rudely torn away, he came to see with different eyes and to perceive that there might be some truth in what she had suggested; and he reproached himself for the unintentional harm of which he had been guilty.

He was not a vain man, or surely the probability might have occurred to him before. He was single minded and presumed that others, working with the same interest with which he worked, would also have the same motive to impel them.

He would have pursued his duty irrespective of Diana's appreciation of it; and as he judged others by himself, he would have disdained to attribute Miss Wardlaw's gradual withdrawal from the gayer amusements of Linthorp, and her increased zeal for church affairs, to any other cause than the one that would have animated himself. Indeed, as he did not frequent these gayer haunts, Miss Wardlaw's absence from them was a matter of which he was entirely ignorant.

The more he reviewed the subject the more he deplored the unconscious part he had acted—if, indeed, what Lady Pechford suggested were true; and once it occurred to him whether, as the hope of his life was over, he might not let matters at Linthorp take the turn that people had supposed them to be taking, and so make one less sorrowful heart in the world. And yet, what right or actual reason had he to believe that Miss Wardlaw so regarded him, since it had never been apparent to himself? Lady Pechford was a person of lively imagination, and it was probable that she had greatly exaggerated facts, if she had not to a certain extent invented them. He knew how much value she placed upon wealth and position; and he knew, also, that she possessed a genuine interest in himself and would be anxious to promote what she would consider to be his welfare by any means in her power. And so, having received a warning from her words, he could not but see that it was advisable to leave Linthorp before matters became more serious.

This was just after Miss Pyecroft had left Linthorp; and as she had one or two visits to pay on her way homeward, she did not arrive at Broadmead until a fortnight after the departure of the manor house party; and her friends having also quitted Linthorp, she heard nothing of John Carteret's decision, nor the gossip consequent thereupon.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford were, therefore, the only persons to whom she could recapitulate her Linthorp experiences, which were shorn of their interest through her later visits. She had heard Dr. Pennithorne again. She had spoken to him—shaken hands with him; and she regarded with a sort of veneration the glove that he had touched—not that Miss Pyecroft was a person ordinarily given to sentiment; "but," as she observed, rather indefinitely, "there are some occasions upon which our feelings overflow."

Miss Lester and Miss Sophia, who had faithfully kept house according to rule, rendered an account of all their doings and delivered up the keys; and in them, perhaps, Miss Pyecroft found the most satisfactory listeners to her accounts of Linthorp.

"And whom is Miss Wardlaw like? And when are they to be married? And where are they going to live? And does he really preach well?"

To which latter question Miss Pyecroft replied:—"If he were Dr. Pennithorne he would be a bishop."

It sounded a little enigmatical, but the sisters understood it. John Carteret only wanted a reputation; and in this world, given a reputation, one may almost do without talent.

Miss Pyecroft called upon the Neris, ostensibly to tell them about their friend, Mr. Carteret; but, in reality, in the hope of learning something touching the movements of the Seatons and the immediate cause of their sudden departure, and any of the little odds and ends of information with which Signora Neri might be able to supply her.

But if Signora Neri were able, she was not willing; and if willing, she was not able. Either way the result was the same, and Miss Pyecroft learned nothing at the cottage.

"That woman *terrible* has come home, and makes my heart bleed afresh for my *carrissima*," said Signora Neri to her brother. "Somehow, it seems to me that all Broadmead is in a plot against the child. I wish I could see Mr. Carteret."

"Oreola?"

"Giuseppe! thou dost not understand the heart of a sorrowful maiden. Remember Ercole. I have dreamed of him so often lately—and it is years and years since I have done so. He looks just as he did—only more beautiful and younger—so young, and I am old! Giuseppe, will he remember, dost think, when I enter that other world? How will it be, Giuseppe?"

"It is the husk that is withering, Oreola—the ripened fruit, whose bloom is over; but the seed remains, to spring up fresh as ever. The perishing frame decays and counts its three-score years; but the soul notes those three-score years but as a moment of its immortality. The wind passes over the flowers and they are gone, but the root remaineth. Thy soul is fresh, my Oreola; so should we keep our inner life green, despite the outer storms."

"But, Giuseppe, thinkest thou not that these dreams of Ercolo have some significance?"

"Only that thy quick sympathy has brought him vividly to thy memory."

But Signora Neri shook her head.

"What can I do?" she said. "If I could only see Mr. Carteret!"

"You might do harm, Oreola. Wait a little, for the child will wait—"

"She may marry."

"Whom?"

"Mr. Seaton."

Signor Neri smiled incredulously.

"Thou talkest but wildly, my Oreola."

"Not so. Remember Ercole."

But Signor Neri was not to be convinced.

"She will never care for any one but Mr. Carteret. I know it by the tones of her voice. Her soul has revealed itself to me through the divine harmony. She will love no other."

"Yet she may marry—for Mr. Seaton loves her, and Mrs. Seaton loves her son. Giuseppe, what can I do?"

And the fair, delicate features flushed until the glow of youth seemed almost to return to them; and her eyes lighted up and her whole face appeared to be transfigured; and there was something prophetic in her manner as she said:—

"If I cannot prevent this evil, Giuseppe, I can, at least, prophesy woe—woe to them who have caused this evil to come."

The passionate Italian blood was roused, and Signora Neri forgot age, sorrow, poverty, trials; and the spirit seemed to be power over time and circumstance.

Signor Neri gazed in astonishment to see his sister—who was so frail, so subdued, so calm and gentle—thus agitated. But he did not speak; and in another moment the fierce Neri's vehemence had died away, and she sat into her chair, her hands covering her face, and sobbed out:—

"I am but a poor old woman, Giuseppe."

And Diana, like a swallow, was flying south—south, through the Rhineland and over the Alps, never resting for long together until her foot touched Italian soil. There Jasper decided that they were safe, and that they might wander at leisure from city to city and sojourn for a while at each. Continual motion was most likely to divert Diana from her trouble, and in new scenes and new interests she might learn to forget.

John Carteret's name was never mentioned; and yet Diana felt that it was ever present both with Mrs. Seaton and Jasper, and that she had the sympathy of both—for Mrs. Seaton had altogether changed in her manner, the cause of irritation being removed; and there was even an occasional tenderness that Diana had never noticed before.

Perhaps it was that Mrs. Seaton was now beginning to look upon Diana as her daughter, and trying to draw her towards her with those cords of love she had neglected for so long. Perhaps, also, she felt a sentiment of compassion as she saw the girl suffering so patiently, and endeavoring, in a spirit of which she had never supposed her capable, to be cheerful and to take an interest in the scenes around her.

Perhaps, as she stood beside the beautiful Italian lakes and saw the blue of heaven reflected in the tranquil depths below, some visions of a boundless peace might rise before her; and as she watched the darting bird soar upward, the old longing might steal over her:—"O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!"

And Jasper, as he stood beside her, felt, in the midst of his selfish love, a touch half of remorse, as her trusting eyes looked up with all the confidence of a child—for she clung more to him as a friend than ever. He had been so gentle, so thoughtful. But it was only as a friend—a brother—that she had regarded him; and Jasper did not deceive himself—he only said, "in time, in time!" And time was before him, and there was none to thwart and hinder him. They would stay abroad until she had learned to love him better. Time—time—it was all that he had ever asked for.

Mrs. Seaton was less selfish in her love towards her son than he in his for Diana; for she would willingly have given up anything for his sake—feeling no jealousy of Diana, as some mothers would have done, but trying to love her because she saw it tended to Jasper's happiness. And perhaps this touch of unselfishness was the one small point of noble feeling that Mrs. Seaton possessed; otherwise her love was the intense instinctive affection that a wild animal feels for its cubs. There was nothing exalting in it, neither did it lead her to elevated acts; on the contrary, it simply induced all the cunning and vigilance that the dumb creation exert in defense of their young. Anything for Jasper: and as Jasper's spirits rose, and his fears subsided and he grew less gloomy and fitful, his mother felt that what she had strained her utmost energies to accomplish was prospering as she could wish. She even ceased to hate John Carteret now that he was fairly out of the way and no longer an obstacle to Jasper's happiness.

So, under blue skies and amongst vineyards, olive gardens, and orange trees, and in the shadow of old palaces—whose past grandeur was even more impressive than any modern magnificence could be—Diana strove to be content. She did not try, she did not even wish to forget. John Carteret had been to her a light, a revealer of herself, a guide, a help—and she could carry that memory to her life's end; and hereafter she might perhaps learn that it was one of the beacons set up by no human hand, to shine upon the sign post pointing to the right road.

The dead past! There is no dead past. The past lives on, breathes into the present and colors the future. She could never bury the day on which she first saw John Carteret; it would live on with her eternally.

And so the days were on and summer arose in all its glory, and southern lands became too warm, and then the travelers journeyed northward—but not to England—England was not safe yet. Old impressions must not be revived—new feelings must not be checked in their growth.

Again the summer passed away and autumn kissed the land until it blushed crimson; and then again the hand of winter was stretched forth, driving the Seatons southward. And they remained in Italy until the spring blossomed forth once more, when they journeyed northward yet a second time, but not even yet to England.

Jasper's hopes were steadily progressing. He was letting the old love have time to die out ere the thought of a new one should be made manifest. He was cautiously dealing with the time upon which he set so much value—so wanting it, not trying to hurry it; but letting everything glide down the current, apparently without sail or oar, and yet keeping a tight hand on the rudder.

Surely his perseverance would meet with its reward. Had he not deserved it?

CHAPTER XLI.

A TOWN CURACY.

No more wide, open sea, stretching miles and miles away, and giving a sense of freedom in its far off horizon line. No more ruined castles, no more great cliffs and green meadows, no atmosphere unsullied by the breath of smoky manufactories, no romance—save what the poverty stricken and sordid lives of thousands of people, made pathetic through suffering, might give.

Instead of the murmur of the waters, the busy hum of a busy town; instead of the roar of the waves, the crunching, thundering sound of vast engines, and the noise of hammer, of wheel, of shrieking machinery, in almost every street. And the blackened houses, the smoke begrimed faces, the pallid children, the anxious, worn expression of many of the people, as though their lives were hurrying on so fast that they were scarce able to keep up with them; these and a multitude of other differences John Carteret perceived between the place he had left and the one to which he had come. Nothing to remind him, when he arose in the morning, of the Saxon monk who dispersed his paraphrases among the people. There was nothing to suggest that monks had ever existed in these parts; neither were there ancient associations with the place which were patent alike to the stranger and the inhabitant. It was a town whose associations reated rather in the bosoms of the townsfolk—in homely traditions that made old men remember edifices that were now no more, but were lost, buried, built upon—for the town had risen to its present dimensions almost within the memory of man.

True, there had been a genius here and there who had left a trace of his life in the old town—or, rather, thrown a part of his mantle over it; so that the men whose fathers had been dwellers in the place could call up names that deserved to be held in reverence by their sons. But beyond this, and a few old buildings that were rapidly disappearing, there was little to attract the attention of the lover of the past.

The student of the present might here find a field for his labors. He might work out, or try to work out, the question of progress, and settle whether human nature was improved by the vast side that had been brought to bear upon mankind. He might note the men who yesterday were of no account, high up to-day. He might see earnestness and intellect wearing themselves into the grave; or, rising above the level of all opponents, he might see the poor, the rich, the vulgar, the refined, the submissive, the dominant, the arrogant, the unobtrusive, the worker, the killer, the honest, the thief, the true, the false, all in one massed vortex of humanity, and question whether it were possible, through dint of any earthly power, to shape the aggregated material into a solid form of beauty and perfection.

But of this, at present, John Carteret had taken no thought.

It was surprising at first sight, considering how short a time, comparatively, the present town had stood, to see how black and time worn many of the houses looked; though, perhaps, if one took into consideration the amount of smoke puffed out by the tall and short chimneys, it was not, after all, so very wonderful.

But neither of this had John Carteret at present taken any heed. He had arrived rather late in the evening and had driven through the still crowded streets to his lodgings. He had not noticed what turnings he took, nor how many of them. He was only conscious that the flash of lights from shop windows was somewhat abated, and that the lamps were fewer and farther between, when he stopped at a door in a narrow street; and the landlady, who was evidently on the watch for her lodger, welcomed the new curate.

His luggage was brought in, the cabman was paid and he himself shown into his sitting-room with a rapidity which astonished her after the slow and deliberate way of Linthorp, and seemed to suggest to him that he had come to a busy place, where grass did not actually or metaphorically grow under people's feet.

"The late curate, the Reverend Derrington," said the land lady, "had been quite down-larted at leaving his lodgings. He had never been so comfortable anywhere before. 'You have the hart, Mrs. Penfold, of making me feel at home,' he used to say. And, reverend sir," pursued Mrs. Penfold, "I hope what the Reverend Derrington said may be said by you also. This is the apartment in which many and many a sermon has been composed—for I've let to curates ever since I took to lodgers, after the death of Thomas Penfold. A widow must maintain herself, sir; and lodgers, if respectable and paying, is paying and respectable also."

"I dare say we shall get on very well, Mrs. Penfold," replied John Carteret, looking round the room, which was scrupulously neat and clean, and boasted of rather a handsome bookcase and an old fashioned sideboard, upon which his eyes involuntarily dwelt for a moment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Penfold, following his glance and greatly by his apparent appreciation—"those pieces of furniture is genuine and reminds me of better days in the lifetime of Thomas Penfold. I put them in this room, reverend sir, because I hold it fitting that the clergy should have the best. I'm Church and State, sir, as my mother and grandmother was before me, and never wish to change."

John Carteret sat down in the great easy chair.

"And my son's clerk at the church, sir, and can give you all information as to time and place and services; and has been mentioned in the papers, not long ago, as having his accounts right to a farthing. Very gratifying to a mother's heart."

"Certainly, Mrs. Penfold."

"More so than perhaps you think, in these defaulting and fraudulent times; for, of course, being a curate, you don't know anything about business; curates never do. The Reverend Derrington was as ignorant as me and Joshua had to put him right continually. But you're looking tired, sir. You'd like a cup of tea, I dare say."

And Mrs. Penfold departed, leaving John Carteret to muse over his new position. He was tired and a little bewildered, yet he foresaw that the change would be even greater than he had anticipated. But it rather pleased him than otherwise. He would become, as it were, lost and lose to what he had hitherto deemed the world; and should find himself in a new and untried sphere of which he had hitherto formed but a small conception.

Already he was beginning to recognize truths and facts that had been far off and misty to him; already he had taken a stride in his onward path that had left his last halting place miles and miles behind him; and a new glow was infused into his veins and an enthusiasm for his work awakened as it had not been before. For, all unconsciously to himself, he had been impressed with a sort of awe, something of solemnity, as he drove through the many peopled streets and heard the hum of the thousands of voices and the tramp of the thousands of feet—tramping whither? For the many toned roar spoke to him of the hereafter—of the vanity, of the sovereignty, the majesty of man, as he had never thought of it before.

In living thunder it seemed that a voice cried out, telling him, despite the littleness, the poverty, the meanness, the sins of humanity, that man was over all in the world—immortal, and that he had been "made but little low than the angels." He felt that he was higher than the things of the world, the pomps, the vanities, the glory—so called—rose up the divine cry:—"Is not the life more than the meat and the body than raiment?"

And John Carteret knew that it was "the life" he had come to seek and to work for in this great town, and that the work was a great one.

In a shorter time than might have been expected, Mrs. Penfold perceived that she preferred waiting on the new lodger herself to-night, until he was "less strange to the place." And John Carteret had no reason to be dissatisfied with her ministrations; and if she was somewhat garrulous, she did not seem to require any answers; and if she did drop her h's, and revelled in the remembrances of the life of Thomas Penfold, the one was simply a national peculiarity among those uneducated, the other a harmless peculiarity of her own.

"He does look consumptive, Joshua," said Mrs. Penfold to her son; "but he's no cough, which is a sign that I may be mistaken, as I hope I am. But he's as pale as marble, though a fine looking man enough. He must look lovely in a surplice. I hope the surplices are clean, Joshua?"

"Pretty well. I don't know how it is that they get dirty so soon, but everything does in a town. The smuts and the blacks seem to come in at the doors and windows, whether they are open or not."

"I don't think he'll visit much, Joshua," continued Mrs. Penfold. "He's not the least like the Reverend Derrington, who was as lively as a cricket. This one is quiet like, and studies his books very, and he'll speak best in the pulpit, for he's not given to many words out of it. We shall have to take care of him, Joshua."

And Mrs. Penfold's heart—more refined than her outward bearing—divined intuitively what John Carteret would like and what he would not like; and he came to find that Mrs. Penfold's testimonials in her own favor had not been entirely devoid of foundation, notwithstanding the counter assertions of the old proverb.

John Carteret found himself in a new world with regard to the congregation of St. Anne's, for it was composed of a class of people with whom he had never before associated—and who, indeed, were not strictly qualified to enter the *salons* of Lady Pechford and her associates. Their manners, their speech, their dress even would have caused them to feel singular to themselves, if they had been suddenly ushered into so uncongenial an atmosphere. They were essentially of the lower middle classes, and were content with the position they occupied, partly through long custom, partly through the general belief that had grown into of their own importance to the world around—a development of the great "*me*," which is so wisely bestowed upon men individually, making the "*me*" and its belongings above all other "*mes*;" and being one source of the general contentment that, on the whole, exists in the world.

It never entered into the minds of the congregation of St. Anne's that they were open to criticism, though that the new curate was a fair subject for it—that it was a duty to criticise him—was a fact perfectly obvious to their minds, and was, consequently, the spirit in which they went to church on the first Sunday after John Carteret's arrival.

"I shouldn't put on my spectacles just at first, if I was you," said Mrs. Betterton to her husband. "Knowing, as he will, that you're church-warden, it may make him feel a little timorsome—and we must make allowances. You can take a good stare at him when he's reading his sermon. Er, dear!—it will be long enough before Mr. Derrington's place is filled up."

"I don't know that, Betsy. They say that this one is a swell preacher and made quite a sensation at Linthorp; and there's a deal of good company at Linthorp, so they say."

But Mrs. Betterton did not seem disposed to take her husband's view of the case.

"Folks say a good deal that is not true," she replied. "If he was a swell preacher he'd be off to London or somewhere where he would be heard, and not to a poor parish like this, with only ourselves and one or two others worth preaching to out of the common."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes, you see, and we can't tell what's true or what isn't true till we've heard him."

So Mr. and Mrs. Betterton waited and the other upper pews waited and wondered, and the lower he'd did not think much about it, one way or the other. These latter supposed curates to be pretty much alike. Mr. Derrington had been a pleasant, lively gentleman and kind in his way, but he did not understand them, and they did not understand him, and so they came to the conclusion that there was a natural bar between classes thus prevented people ever doing anything more than just look over the top of it.

But when John Carteret stood up in the pulpit on Sunday a new feeling came alike to rich and poor. Here was a man who so thoroughly meant what he said that they involuntarily believed him—whose heart was so thoroughly absorbed in the words he was giving out that he forgot himself altogether.

"There was no sham about him," was the general verdict. And if a man can place himself above the suspicion of "sham," he need have no fears as to the hold he will maintain over his hearers.

"He'll do," said Mr. Betterton, and he congratulated his fellow warden on their acquisition. "Why, we shall have all the pews at St. Anne's let before three months are over."

For Mr. Betterton was a commercial man and did not set aside a money value view of the new curate. And perhaps he was right, to a certain extent, for if places of worship are not supported they must go down—at any rate, in large towns, where they are mainly dependent upon pew rents.

So John Carteret's *debut* was successful. Every one was satisfied, and the vicar, being of an easy turn of mind and not given to envying his more eloquent curates, determined that, in the matter of preaching, John Carteret should have his full share.

And so it came to pass that John Carteret became popular in the parish and strangers from the better quarters of the town came to hear him. And in time he had offers of more advantageous curacies and even of a good living in an adjoining neighborhood. But he clung to St. Anne's. He had come there to work. He had found a new world—he had seen poverty and misery such as he had not dreamed of—and he would not desert it. He was digging at the lowest stratum of humanity and he was filled with sorrow—with wonder. He even began to speculate why such things were permitted on the earth.

And in the midst of his work there came often and often a vision to him, and, like Diana, he did not try to drive it away. And sometimes the picture was of the flash of sunshine that had burst upon him in the old organ loft, sometimes of a figure moving about in her oddly furnished *Paradiso*, and sometimes of the last time he had seen her in the beautiful room that had once been Madame de Meuline's. All through his work she accompanied him, and at last he began to think of her as an angel who had once appeared to him and revealed to him the light. All the wild waywardness of her girlhood faded from his mind—all that was earthly fell away—and he saw only a soul struggling through earth-storms to to a higher, purer atmosphere.

So at least he imagined he thought of her, and he went on working and dreaming. And none but the poor amongst whom he labored knew how ceaselessly and patiently the curate of St. Anne's toiled, excepting Mrs. Penfold.

"It's more than mortal man can stand," she would sometimes say.

And John Carteret would answer:—

"I am young and strong, Mrs. Penfold."

"Ay, so *were* others, sir."

And month after month passed away, and John Carteret still labored at his post. He was strong, as he had said, and his strength seemed indomitable.

Work, work, work.

What would man do without it?

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LONGEST THROW ON RECORD BY A STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

A correspondent, who evidently knows whereof he writes, sends us the annexed communication, correcting the record of steam fire engine throwing, and giving interesting particulars of the greatest distance yet accomplished:—

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 26th, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—DEAR SIR.—In your issue of last week (the 24th) I observe, in your "Notices to Correspondents" column, that you give the longest distance thrown by a steam fire engine as being 296 feet, and being an old Cincinnatian, I thought in all probability I might furnish you with some few items that would be of some service to you. Some time about the year one hundred and four later, the fire department of Cincinnati had a grand procession, the following named engines of the Latta Patent being "in"—Uncle Joe Ross, A. B. Latta, Citizens' Gift, Marion, and, I think, the F Clements, with one or two others. The A. B. Latta had a set of deer horns, between the prongs of which was a stuffed weasel and a shield. On the shield was the inscription:—"265 feet; beat that and take the horns." Some time after this an engine called the Niagara built by Rhawn, of Cincinnati, threw a stream 275½ feet. She took the horns, rubbed out the 265, put in its stead 275½, and wore them for some time. Not long after this the Citizens' Gift went to a fire, and not having a great deal of water to do the fire being small, the company thought they would "try her," which they did, and the Gift (as she was familiarly called) threw 281 feet. In the meantime the A. B. Latta had gone into the shop for repairs, and the Latta company were minus the Gift's record. The Gift's company claimed the horns for her throw, but the Niagara refused to surrender them, claiming the Gift was not "playing" for the horns when she threw 281 feet, and said if she did it once she could do it again, and so the matter rested for a year, the horns still remaining the prize. The Gift readily acceded to the demand, and threw 287 feet; she got the horns then for the first time. As soon as the Latta was repaired she tried again for the horns, and succeeded in winning them, as she threw 297 feet. And here I would say that I think that is the throw you have reference to in reply to your correspondent.

The Gift went into the shop soon after the Latta came out, and after being considerably overhauled, tried again, and came off winner, as she threw the longest distance ever thrown by a steam fire engine, viz.—327 feet. The wind being a very little favorable for the engine, the Latta company would allow her (the Gift) only 310 feet, which the Gift readily accepted, as they were confident she could repeat 327, if called upon to do so. When the A. B. Latta threw her longest distance—296 feet—the John M. Wilmer fire company, of St. Louis, Mo., had a splendid set of horns, with a silver plated shield, &c., and the George Kyle, of St. Louis, sent the Gift a magnificent set of horns, about five feet high, when she threw 287 feet. The Gift, after her great throw, suspended a shield between the prongs of the horns, and presented the George Kyler, on which was painted, in oil, Mount Vesuvius during eruption, with the Gift plowing her way through the Bay of Naples, propelled by four superb bay horses, the name being represented as swimming. The Gift retains the horns to this day, no engine having been able to throw a greater distance, although I was informed by the engineer of the steam fire engine Lady Blessing, of New Orleans, that his engine, an Amoskeag, threw 311 feet. If you wish further evidence in this case, Mr. Quinn, you can probably obtain it by writing to E. G. Magrew, Chief Engineer Cincinnati Fire Department, or to the Engineer of the Citizens' Gift, Cincinnati, O. Hoping these few items will prove of some use to you, I am yours, respectfully,

ED. THORPE.

A LONG THROW.—In a recent trial with Volunteer No. 1, the Mississippi Steam Fire Engine No. 2 threw 311 feet, 3 inches, at New Orleans, which is the second best throw on record. A correspondent says the company will wager $2,000 that she can "repeat the dose."

JUVENILE THEOLOGY.—A mother was amazed the other day, to hear this bit of "argument" from her little boy:—"Mamma, I don't see how Satan could have turned out to be such a bad fellow—there wasn't any devil to put him up to it!"

A YOUNG lady, being asked by an enthusiastic politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES IN AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

INTRODUCTION.—Well, Bones, have you got over the effects of the 4th yet?

BONES.—Oh, yes, I got over de fax, but I haint got ober de burns I met with in de bottin' ober ob dat cannon I was playin' wid; neider hab I got rid ob dat black eye Jim Dubossey gib me on de glorious 4th. Jim won't neber pound nobody to mo'; I killed him in self defens, and he walked off on his ear arter dat.

INT.—What is meant by the expression *walking off on his ear*, that I hear used so frequently?

BONES.—Translate on *his cheek* like de tax collectors. And, by de way, I always tought de singers was exempted from de payin' ob taxes, but dey've got dem back, it seems, for I hear dat de manager ob de opera has been hard' de potion of his wages too much.

INT.—That accounts for what I have heard, that a certain company of vocalists having failed to make a profitable season, have gone into agriculture. They had actually become so reduced in circumstances that they could get no seed to plant, and are obliged to resort to the cultivation of their voices.

BONES.—Dey're worry precious. I once told a friend my voice was gettin' weak. I tell you what you do, said he, you get some Poor Man's Plaster—dat'll strengthen it. And I tried it, but it didn't work worth a cent. To de contrary, it drawed so hard dat it drawed all de voice out of me. Den a bright idea struck me. I hadn't had expenses in de house for a week, so I put de Poor Man's Plaster on de do' and it *drew a full house*, just as sure as you're born. And now I puts one on de door every night; it looks like a play bill, you know, but dere's a plaster behind it.

INT.—That's not an honorable way of doing business, though, Mr. Bones. It is not an affair of honor, you will admit.

BONES.—A affair ob honer? Dat's it. Dat reminds me ob a fair ob honor I once had.

INT.—You fought a fair of honor? I hope it was not the Fair One with the Golden Locks.

BONES.—I said a fair of honor—one of dem affairs whar dey say, one, two, free, *bang!*

INT.—O, you were in a duel, that is to say. I hope, Mr. Bones, that your wounded honor was healed.

BONES.—No, but *I was well healed*, though—wid a whole army of revolvers and a howitzer.

INT.—A duel with howitzers! I never heard of such a thing. How can that be?

BONES.—I'll tell you. Ase—d's—er. You see, I was makin' love to Pat Lize, over dere in shinbone Alley. O, she was a beauty, she was! Her leg was stuck in de middle ob de foot, an' de foot was like two mud scows, and ebery time she lift her foot it was like de liftin' of a basket wid its load from de briny deep. And she owns a *load on me*, she did! Made believe dat I was her only one and all dat, and took all de Chatham street jewelry, and ice-cream, and picnics, and nice clothes dat I gave her, and kep' me on and off dat way till I determine to know wid she mean.

INT.—You mean't the affair to come to an echairissement.

BONES.—Yes—and she made me 'clair de kitchen, too, wid a broom-stick. And dat 'cited my 'spicions, and I kep' watch next night, and sure enough I seen dat Jo' Simmins gettin' ober de fence, and I follered and caught him wid deir arms roun' each oder in de kitch-n shewin' off each oder's tips, and dat was de last fodder dat broke de cammomile's back, for I up and smoked him off'er palpitator, and dat was de las' I see ob him and her, and den I hear de old fader comin' and Jo' put for de back do', and I went up de chimbly, and de nex' day I sent him a challenge, and we both chose howitzers and went over to Fez Hill; and dere we fote and fote until both of us hab use up all our powder, and at every fire a limb would fall, and—

INT.—A limb at every discharge? You seem to have gotten bravely over it.

BONES.—Yes; yes. De limbs growed out again.

INT.—Grew out again?

BONES.—Yes. De limbs ob de chestnut trees.

INT.—After this, Mr. Patent Leathers will favor us with a song.

THE FOUR MEETINGS.

We met—'twas in a happy hour,
All on a lovely summer's day;
'Twas in thy own secluded bower,
In hearing of the pleasant play
Of murmuring waters dropping down
Within the wild shrub's covert dim,
I sighed, I whispered soft of love,
And found my chance was rather slim.

We met again—no green boughs waved
Round halls where forms of beauty met;
Thy face was on my heart engraved,
Thine image in that heart was set.
But other friends thy soft hands prest,
And others at thy festival beat,
And though it wrung my heart with woe
I sadly whispered:—"Let her went!"

Again we met—'twas in the cold,
Cold winter time; the happy dream
I loved to unroll in old
Had been dispelled; hope's golden gleam
No longer cheered my lonesome path,
Another one was in my place.
I turned, and hearing many a sigh,
I took to coppering on the ace!

Once more we met—thou wast alone,
And pale thy brow and dim thine eye,
For he had left thy side—had flown
With all—left thee to starve and die.
We met, and once again I prest—
Forgotten each cold word and look—
Thy bosom sweetly sobbing rest,
At last you knew me like a book.

But death's cold hand was on thy brow,
And reason reeled upon its seat,
And, like a rosebud nipped by snow,
Thou wouldst have fallen at my feet;
Yet I forgot, forgave thee all,
And watched above thee day by day,
Till mercy's hand had drove the pall
And hid the world that still was gay.

PLAY BILL OF SOLDIERS IN THE LATE WAR.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 29th, 1871.

FRIEND QUEEN.—In overhauling my army papers the other day, I came across the enclosed play bills of the Battery Theatre of *pro tempore*, Larkinsville, Ala. The theatre was run by Co. A, Chicago Light Artillery, and the enclosed are *bona fide* bills, issued for the respective dates specified. Thinking, possibly, that in the absence of other matter, you might deem them worthy a place in your "Clipper Varieties" column, I send them. Should you publish such or any of them, I shall almost feel the hand clasp if I do not realize the voice of each of the *dramatis personæ*, "How are you, Ned." Yours, &c. ED. WARD.

BATTERY THEATRE, Co. A, C. L. A.,
LARKINSVILLE, ALA.

President.....J. W. Milner	Stage Carpenters.....Speer, Chase and Redmond
Treasurer.....C. R. Smith	Properties and Costumes.Hartleson and King
Manager.....L. H. Beach	
Musical Director.....J. S. Day	
Scenic Artist.....F. S. Church	

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 27TH,

will be presented the celebrated drama,

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Robert Shelly (a young poacher).....R. A. Ware
James Greenfield (a game keeper).....C. R. Beach
Colin Jamieson (scamp of the first water).....O. C. Foster
Jack Sandicott (of the Lucky Horse Shoe).....J. S. Day
Molestrap.....T. Thompson
Rachel Rayland.....R. B. Williams
Fanny Fossett (a servant).....A. Wilson
Overture.....by.....Orchestra. Song.....by.....Glee Club.

The evening's entertainment will conclude with

COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

Plumper.....C. R. Smith	Jessie Hamilton.....A. Wilson
Old Sarkins.....O. C. Foster	Mary Wiggins.....R. B. Williams
Fred Sarkins.....J. H. Long	

SECOND NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The performance will open with the elegant drama of

THE YANKEE REPRIEVE.

Zedekiah Hull.....C. H. Smith	Servant.....J. Maloney
Charles Howard.....O. C. Foster	Officer.....H. Greene
Dr. Hawley.....O. C. Foster	Estelle Hawley.....R. Williams
Oldest Inhabitant.....J. S. Day	Miss Delia Dayton.....A. Wilson

The evening's entertainment will conclude with the stunning farce of

APOLLO D'AFRIQUE.

Old Squinium.....O. C. Foster	Jake.....H. Roberts
Pete.....L. H. Beach	Mrs. Squinium.....H. Greene
Rose.....C. R. Beach	Pilgatic.....J. H. Long

Performance Saturday evening, if weather permits.

THIRD NIGHT.

The evening's entertainment will open with the celebrated tragedy entitled the

SCOURGE OF SAN MARINO.

Corruvio.....C. R. Beach	Damon.....L. H. Beach
Arrolio.....J. H. Long	Monk.....J. S. Day
Malevolus.....O. C. Foster	Dorrengo.....H. Greene
Nobleman.....C. R. Smith	Almina Dornetio.....R. B. Williams
Satan.....C. L. Arnold	

Robbers, &c., by gentlemen of the profession out of a job.

SYNOPSIS:

SCENE 1st.—Arrolio elected from his home, retires to an old tower and sells his soul to Satan. SCENE 2d.—Bar-room in San Marino, Arrolio collects his head. SCENE 3d.—Ten years later—a nobleman enters the city and discloses to Corruvio and others the name of the "scourge." SCENE 4th.—Corruvio and Almina parting. SCENE 5th.—Corruvio's combat with Arrolio and his defeat. Grand finale.

The evening's entertainment will conclude with the stunning farce of

BOX AND COX.

CAST.

Box.....H. Roberts	Cox.....L. H. Beach
	Mrs. Bouncer, Miller.

THE PRETTY LITTLE BLONDE.

There's a dashing little girl
Loves clams by me;
She's pretty as a pink
And sweet as honey can be;
She dresses in the height of style,
The men all at her stare,
Because she's so charming
And sports blonde hair.

Chorus.—Oh my pretty little blonde is so trim and neat,
And has soft blue eyes, and winsies sweet,
I will always love her, and the treasure fair,
No matter if there are some other woman's hair.

I took her to a picnic
In the merry spring;
We danced on the green sward
And fitted to the swing;
The music was delightful,
She the merriest girl there,
Waltzing so divinely
With her pretty blonde hair.

Chorus.—Oh my pretty little blonde is so trim and neat, etc.

Going home at evening
My arm around her stole,
And the kiss she gave me
Thrilled my very soul;
But a naughty bullion
Caught in her tresses fair,
And spoilt the illusion
Of the pretty blonde hair.

Chorus.—Oh my pretty little blonde is so trim and neat, etc.

ALF. M. MEDBURY, Zanesville, Ohio.

SPILLER AND THE BARBER.—Spiller, the comedian, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent fit of the toothache, the barber of the theatre offered to relieve him by drawing it. "No, my good friend," replied he, "no, I cannot spare one tooth now, but on the tenth day of June the house closes and you may then draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat."

A GREAT MANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Many a nice young man leads a naughty life,
Many a nice young maid makes a sorry wife;
Many a miserly man is hard to work,
Many a married man

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets
Box 3,860 New York P.O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the office are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and not to any individual connected with the establishment, thereby avoid confusions, mistakes and delays likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our names.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday morning, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

R. S. Albany, N. Y.—Before the Franco-Prussian war France had the largest navy, but the government having reduced it, probably England has more ships of war in commission than any other power at present, and so far as relative strength and tonnage is concerned, she took the lead before. We cannot give you the names of the vessels belonging to the leading powers, because several new ones have been added to the fleets since statistics were published.

S. W. AND B., St. Louis.—1. The steamers plying between New York and Liverpool have their boilers filled with fresh water before sailing, and renew during the voyage with salt water. 2. The quantity of coal used varies from 500 to 1,400 tons, according to the size of the vessel and the engines. 3. The freight capacity ranges from 1,500 to 3,000 tons, according to size of steamers and accommodations required for passengers. 4. The new steamship EGYPT, of the National line, is probably next in size to the Great Eastern.

TOM LEIGH, Lynchburg.—Herzog died of inflammation of the lungs. 2. Lynchburg broke his shoulder bone at Long Branch races last year, in a mile heat race after winning the first heat. 3. Judge Curtis' time, 1:45¼, was made by Salina and beaten by Fadladeen's time, 1:45, in a mile in 1:43. 4. Henry Perritt's time is unreliable and does not go on the record. 5. 1:45 is the fastest mile time in America.

M. G. O., New Haven.—Umpires are bound to reverse decisions made on errors of fact. In this case, the catch having been seen by the umpire, it was his duty to reverse his decision, as it was wrong according to the rules. He has no right, however, to reverse decisions based on any testimony of players. He must himself see that the error.

T. K., Chicago.—1. The fastest mile time on record in America is 1:43, made by both Salina and Fadladeen at the late May meeting at Jerome Park. There is no official time recording for Fadladeen, but Gladiateur is said to have run the Two Thousand Guineas Course, 1 mile 17 yards, in 1:39, but we cannot endorse this record as correct. No answers sent by mail.

C. M., Hartford, Conn.—The two points can only be taken for thirty-one at cribbage, whether it be last card or not. 2. If a flush or sequence occurs in a full hand at cribbage, they are both taken, but to play a flush does not count. 3. In the crib all the cards must be of the same suit, including the turn up; but in the hand it counts regardless of said turn up. 4. The CLIPPER is authority.

CONSTANT READER, Salem, Mass.—1. The best time on record by a four-oared crew, 3 miles, is 19 minutes, by the Harvard crew of 1870. 2. The advantage would be somewhat slight, but not much, however, depends on the weight of the coxswain. 3. He cannot take another boat.

CRICKET, Chester.—1. The duty on imported goods varies from 10 to 100 per cent. 2. It depends upon what the article is. 3. We believe so in Philadelphia. 4. When the stakeholder gives up the money.

A. J., Melrose, Mass.—1. In the game of euchre the dealer may not play it alone when his partner assists. 2. Athletics, 5; Mutuals, 4.

CONSTANT READER.—Stick to your first love, and by all honorable means seek to woo and win regardless of opposition from whatever source, and thus prove your sincere attachment.

S. ROBINSON.—Had you read the subsequent issues of the CLIPPER you would have seen that full explanation was given by the writer, and that no position was misrepresented.

S. L. R., Chicago.—Should we publish your card, the other party would have a right to reply, and much space would be occupied that we cannot spare.

D. AND SIMPS, New Orleans, La.—Jim Mace and Tom King fought as opponents twice, the former winning the first and King proving the victor in the second battle.

SPORTSMAN.—The fastest 440 yards' time is 48¾ seconds, by Harry Reed, England; one mile, level ground, 4:17¾, dead heat between Lang and Richards, England.

J. D. A., Leroy, Minn.—DeWitt's book is correct. The other is out of date, having only the rules of 1867. The bounding rock is not a regulation ball.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburgh.—1. Tom Allen is an Englishman and was born at Birmingham. 2. It all depends on the action of the stakeholder; he may give it to the winner, but it is doubtful.

N., Kektonga.—The Kektongas forfeited the game by refusing to play when called on to do so by the umpire. He is the sole judge of fair play.

W. B. G., Wickford, R. I.—1. The Rev. Henry W. Bellows published a pamphlet defending the drama. 2. We believe that Fanny Kemble is in England.

C. M. K., Augusta, Ga.—Arnold Jones was the agent of Prof. Meagher the past season. The party you name is evidently a swindler.

G. L., Austin, Minn.—We have no knowledge of their issuing such a work this year.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The fastest two mile time on record, single sculls, is 13:32, made at Boston by R. T. Clark, in 1859.

M. W. P., East Boston.—You are correct. Sayers did forfeit to Heenan.

SAM HOUSTON, Washington, D. C.—We know no more about him than you do.

M. B. C., Watertown, N. Y.—Levy, the cornet-a-piston virtuoso, is engaged at Tony Pastor's opera house.

C. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—Chas. M. Barnas' post office address is Greenwich, Conn.

J. F. B.—There has been no life of the person you mention published.

AMATEUR ACTOR.—Any first class hair dresser will supply you with what you want.

W. C.—An equal amount in currency was all he could claim for his gold.

SUBSCRIBER.—At regular all fours, Jack being low, the party playing it takes low, not he who captured it.

A RASCAL, Orange, N. Y.—The population of Buffalo, according to the census of 1870, was 117,714.

C. L. BARCLAY, Philadelphia.—Thank you; will use one if not both of those you sent.

CRICKET.—Foot of Ninth street, Hoboken. There are but three clubs, St. George, New York and Manhattan.

E., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Thank you: shall be pleased to hear from you when anything of note transpires.

JAMES FLEMING.—This Scottish Athlete will find an important letter at this office.

CORNET, Albany, N. Y.—M. S. Paillard & Co., 680 Broadway, makes Schreiber's cornets, which are considered among the best.

HANSON, Stoughton, Mass.—Ethan Allen's fastest time with running mate was 3:15; fastest time, single, 3:22.

C. S., New Britain, Conn.—There being no game out, the non-dealer cannot claim game on that hand.

CONSTANT READER.—Stick to your first mile and a half record (3:36) until it was beaten by Gienelg last year (3:37¾).

DRAW POKER, Baltimore.—A having borrowed money to raise, must also borrow to call or pass out.

B. B. C., Hackensack.—1. In estimating scores of outs and runs, the most runs lead always.

JOHN GRANT.—Heyer and Sullivan fought in February, 1540, at Black Point, Kent co., Md.

WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.—Received, and will be given at an early day.

R. F., Memphis, Tenn.—London, Eng., is the largest city in the world, and its population is larger than that of Jeddo.

C. F. S., Boston, Mass.—You must pass through a hoop before you can croquet a ball a second time.

THOMAS.—They did not win the played game, as it was not played to a legitimate close. Bets off.

BULL HEAD.—The best euchre card takes the deal, commencing with Jack, then ace, king, etc.

CHARLES J. M., Morpeth, N. J.—Such reports, brief and to the point, are always welcome.

A. P. L.—The club winning most matches, best three out of five, wins. There is no champion club yet.

H. J., Frankfort, Ky.—At Peck and Snyder's, 126 Nassau street, N. Y.

E. J.—Heavy batsmen are not scientific players. The heaviest batsmen are to be found in second class clubs.

A. W., Reading, Pa.—The games counted 9 to 0 in favor of the Athletics, as forfeited games.

R. C. H.—Cannot say, as there was no established data to judge by.

T. J., Baltimore.—You are right—best three in five. No amateur games count.

T. R. W.—Berthrong, of the old National nine, of Washington, is dead.

JAVA, Eddyville—1. No. 2. The Ryan dead ball is most in favor with the best fielding nines.

G. H. D., Utica.—It is a balk if he makes any one of the preliminary motions peculiar to his delivery of the ball

AQUATICS.

THE ATALANTAS DEFEAT THE YALES.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CLIPPER.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., July 15th, 1871.

The Atalantas won the race with Yale on Lake Saltonstall to-day. The distance was three miles straight away, the time of the Atalantas being 19:03½, and that of the Yales 19:35½.

REGATTA AT CAPE MAY.

Fifteen Yachts Take Part in the Race.

IMMENSE GATHERING OF SPECTATORS.

The Sappho Wins the Citizens' Schooner Prize and the Benson Cup.

THE CITIZENS' SLOOP PRIZE WON BY THE GRACIE.

For weeks past yachtmen and admirers of yachting in Philadelphia and New York have been in a fever of excitement in anticipation of the grand regatta to come off over the New York Club-by prominent residents of the City of Brotherly Love and New Jersey, and which was to have been decided at Cape May, N. J., on the Fourth of July. The superior elegance of the resort over anything of the kind ever before attempted in this country, and the extensive preparations made by the originators of the affair to provide for the comfort of visitors and make the regatta the most brilliant by far of any ever sailed upon American waters, naturally awakened the interest of the general public in the event, and the New York Club by prominent residents of the City of Brotherly Love and New Jersey, and which was to have been decided at Cape May, N. J., on the Fourth of July. The superior elegance of the resort over anything of the kind ever before attempted in this country, and the extensive preparations made by the originators of the affair to provide for the comfort of visitors and make the regatta the most brilliant by far of any ever sailed upon American waters, naturally awakened the interest of the general public in the event, and the special trains running to Cape Island on the day previous, and early in the morning, were crowded with humanity of both sexes, who filled the hotels to overflowing. The steamer Shu Mac moved down from Philadelphia, with a party of excursionists on board. Unfortunately, the morning of the Fourth opened dark, dismal and threatening, a heavy fog hanging like a pall over land and water, and a thick, damp mist drifting, which scarcely any wind was stirring, and that in fitful puffs. The prospects were in no enviable mood, it may well be imagined, but, hoping against hope, spread sails at an early hour and, lying at anchor off the steamboat wharf in Delaware Bay, patiently, and with many forebodings and not a few anathemas, awaited orders from the Commodore. Finally, shortly after ten o'clock, a consultation was held on board the Dauntless, between the commodore, regatta committee and the pilots of the different yachts, the result of the conference being the decision that the regatta could not be sailed that day, and accordingly a postponement was ordered until the following morning. This decision brought grief to the owners of the smaller vessels who, in the light breeze, saw their opportunity to carry off the honors, while those to whom the large schooners belonged heard it with unfeigned pleasure, though regretting the state of affairs which had rendered it necessary. A national salute of twenty-one guns was fired by all the yachts, and in the evening a grand reception and ball was given in honor of the squadron at the Stockton House, which for brilliancy has seldom been excelled.

The sea-sick sailors, after snatching a few hours of much needed repose, after the fatigues of the night, peered anxiously skyward upon awaking next morning, and the sight which met their gaze was not calculated to fill their minds with pleasant fancies. A dense fog had again settled upon the sea, shutting everything from view a short distance from shore, and it seemed probable that another and an indefinite postponement would be obligatory. Those who had set the projects on foot and had devoted so much of their time to its carrying out, as well as freely spent their money, were seriously afflicted with the "dumps" and ever and anon glanced with anxious eyes toward the sea. Fortunately, however, the fog lifted about eight o'clock, the sun shone forth smilingly upon the scene and the thousands of others drawn thither by a desire to participate in and witness the regatta. The north-north-west breeze was not very stiff, but, like Mercutio's wound, it was enough, and gave promise of a good race, with the advantage slightly on the side of the lighter craft. An hour later the U. S. steamer Pinta, having on board the regatta committee, members of the press, and a few invited guests, steamed down to her station between the Capes and a sure-footed pilot-boat in the breakers near the beach, arriving there at 9.50. Fifteen minutes were allowed by the committee for the yachts to cross the imaginary line between the steamer and the stake-boat after the signal gun was fired. The yachts had weighed anchor about the same time and sailed around the lightship, tacking about in front of the Stockton House, waiting for the signal to start. The names of the vessels taking part are as follows, several of those previously entered having withdrawn at the eleventh hour:—

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Owner.	Water Line—Feet.	Approximated.
Sappho	Wm. P. Douglas	119.33	1,979
Dauntless	J. Beckwith, Jr.	116.80	1,974
Rambler	J. H. Banker	105.00	1,606
Alarm	A. C. Kingsland	105.00	1,606
Wanderer	L. L. Lorillard	105.84	1,606
Columbia	Franklin Osgood	98.35	1,694
Palmer	Rutherford Stuyvesant	98.19	1,660
Madeleine	Jacob Voorhis, Jr.	91.00	1,564
Vidal Wave	Wm. Voorhis	85.80	1,484
Madgie	R. F. Loper	96.25	1,405
Eva	S. J. Macy	67.35	1,507
Sunshine	E. B. Grubb	43.76	—

SLOOPS.

Gracie	Johnson & Krebs	58.25	1,138
Daphne	E. T. Wood	42.00	—
Vindex	Robert Center	43.00	—

Several steamers and innumerable yachts were congregated in the lee-ange of the starting point, all heavily laden with people, bent upon pleasure, while all morning a constant stream of vehicles lined the roads from the hotels to the beach, upon which were assembled thousands of spectators, eagerly watching with astonishing eyes the quadron of racers, and impatiently awaiting the booming of the cannon which was to give notification to the vessels to commence the struggle upon which so much depended.

The course was from the imaginary line before mentioned to and around the lightship on Five Fathom Bank, passing it to the southward, thence northeasterly five miles to and around a stakeboat to the eastward and return to the starting point, passing the home stakeboat to the northward. The prizes were manufactured at the establishment of Bailey & Co., Philadelphia, and are exquisite pieces of workmanship. That for schooners is of sterling silver, thirty inches long and fifteen inches in height, and represents a pleasure barge of the ancient Greeks; the prow is ornamented with a ram's head—an emblem frequently used by the mariners of those days. The parquet is introduced as their emblem of luxury and maritime adventure. The barge rests upon a Neptune representing a lake, surrounded by the lotus, the whole affair being supported by six Roman sabinzes modeled from one found in the ruins of Pompeii. Value, $1,000. The prize for sloops represents a barge of similar description, as the leader of a large fleet, with fanciful and beautiful figures in the bow, apparently keeping a bright look out for breakers ahead, while a similar figure holds a torch at the stern to guide the boats that follow. Value, $1,000. The Benson Cup, presented by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, consists of an elegant silver ice pitcher, two goblets and salver, and is valued at $500.

Owing to the lightness of the wind, none of the yacht owners exhibited any anxiety to hurry away, deeming it preferable to take as much advantage as possible of the fifteen minutes allowance. Accordingly they kept tacking about for some time after the firing of the second gun at 10:35, the Rambler finally leading off and the balance following in the order below given:—

Rambler	10h.	46m.	45s.	Tidal Wave	10h.	50m.	44s.
Columbia	10	48	12	Vindex	10	51	43
Sappho	10	45	05	Eva	10	51	45
Daphne	10	47	00	Alarm	10	51	52
Palmer	10	47	08	Madeleine	10	52	57
Dauntless	10	49	10	Madgie	10	56	13
Wanderer	10	50	10	Sunshine	11	06	00

It will be observed that the last-named considerably exceeded the fifteen minutes limit, but the committee decided to overlook this violation, on account of the wind being so light. Everything allowed by the regulations was piled on, and the beautiful bevy of white winged sea birds sped gracefully through the blue water toward the lightship as Five Fathom Bank, the sloops, of course, having the best of it, led by the Daphne, with the Gracie close up, followed by the Vindex; while of the schooners, the handsome, fast sailing Columbia (which achieved so noteworthy a victory in the recent regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club) held the leading position. Very little excitement was apparent until the lightship was reached; the Rambler, which was handled splendidly, arriving first and the remainder rounding in the order below given:—

Rambler	1h.	53m.	30s.	Daphne	2h.	01m.	15s.
Gracie	1	55	24	Wanderer	2	02	58
Sappho	1	55	40	Palmer	2	05	57
Columbia	1	56	17	Eva	2	10	02
Dauntless	1	57	05	Alarm	2	12	18
Vindex	1	57	55	Madgie	2	15	54
Madeleine	1	59	29	Sunshine	2	21	39
Tidal Wave	2	00	54				

After rounding, the wind, which had been light enough before, died away almost to a calm, thus depriving the race of all interest for the time being, and exercising a disheartening effect upon the yachtsmen, especially those upon the schooner, who prayed earnestly for a good stiff breeze, but prayed in vain. In a few minutes, however, the wind freshened, and enabled the Sappho to give the go-by to the Gracie and several others, while the Rambler, with which the Dauntless managed to get on even terms, was forging ahead and had decreed so much of their time to its carrying out, as well as freely spent their money, were seriously afflicted with the "dumps" and ever and anon glanced with anxious eyes toward the sea. Fortunately, however, the fog lifted about eight o'clock, the sun shone forth smilingly upon the scene and the thousands of others drawn thither by a desire to participate in and witness the regatta. The north-north-west breeze was not very stiff, but, like Mercutio's wound, it was enough, and gave promise of a good race, with the advantage slightly on the side of the lighter craft. An hour later the U. S. steamer Pinta, having on board the regatta committee, members of the press, and a few invited guests, steamed down to her station between the Capes and a sure-footed pilot-boat in the breakers near the beach, arriving there at 9.50. Fifteen minutes were allowed by the committee for the yachts to cross the imaginary line between the steamer and the stake-boat after the signal gun was fired. The yachts had weighed anchor about the same time and sailed around the lightship, tacking about in front of the Stockton House, waiting for the signal to start. The names of the vessels taking part are as follows, several of those previously entered having withdrawn at the eleventh hour:—

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Owner.	Water Line—Feet.	Approximated.
Sappho	Wm. P. Douglas	119.33	1,979
Dauntless	J. Beckwith, Jr.	116.80	1,974
Rambler	J. H. Banker	105.00	1,606
Alarm	A. C. Kingsland	105.00	1,606
Wanderer	L. L. Lorillard	105.84	1,606
Columbia	Franklin Osgood	98.35	1,694
Palmer	Rutherford Stuyvesant	98.19	1,660
Madeleine	Jacob Voorhis, Jr.	91.00	1,564
Vidal Wave	Wm. Voorhis	85.80	1,484
Madgie	R. F. Loper	96.25	1,405
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Owing to the lightness of the wind, none of the yacht owners exhibiting

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

WARNING.

WRITTEN WHEN SHE FIRST WENT CHATTING.

Oh, why do thy lips, with my kisses all wet,
And red with the glow of the warmest desire,
Still answer his——no! and thy tempting eyes yet,
Light the sweet signal!——no——with their amorous fire!

If then thou'dst have me believe them, oh, cover those eyes,
And keep them afar from the mine in my breast;
Or beware the Sentinel, flame when stern prudence flies,
No longer denying love's claim'rous behest.

Oregon H. [illegible]

Chicago.

A LAWFUL WIFE SERIOUSLY SLIGHTED.

Particulars of the Quevedo divorce suit came to light in the City Court of Brooklyn, N. Y., before Judge Wilson, on July 1st. The defendant, "Frank" Quevedo, is well known among the public men of both parties in New York and Brooklyn; was once a member of the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen, is now, and has been for many years past, employed in the office of the Prospect Park Commissioners, where he has full control, and has always been looked upon as a respectable man. That his wife should charge him with adultery astonishes everybody who knows the parties; but so it is, as will appear from the following synopsis of the testimony:—The complaint of the plaintiff alleges that they were married in December, 1862, by the Rev. Mr. Chase, at the Bethel Church, Allen street, New York; that they have had eight children, four of whom have died, the eldest of whom now living is twenty-seven years of age and the youngest thirteen. The plaintiff alleges that in March, 1870, her husband committed adultery with a seamstress named Margaret Long, at their house 90 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn. According to the affidavit, Miss Long was sent to the house by the defendant and engaged upon his recommendation. Soon after the family went to Southold to spend the summer months, and while there the plaintiff alleges that she had reason to suspect Miss Long for the first time, owing to her familiarity with the defendant and impertinence to herself. She discharged Miss Long on the 12th of last September, but shortly afterwards found her with the defendant at the office of the Park Commissioners. She requested Miss Long to leave her husband's office, but the defendant forbade plaintiff interfering with himself or Miss Long, and said she had a perfect right to be there. Plaintiff alleges that since that time defendant absented himself from home nights and visited Miss Long's dress making establishment in Smith street. When she asked him what he was doing there, she says he told her he had a perfect right to be there, and furthermore that it was none of her business. That state of things continued up to last January, when she alleges that defendant insisted on Miss Long returning to the house, and he then commenced a course of cruel treatment towards plaintiff, and was constantly in company with Margaret. They had many angry words on the subject and she states that defendant said that Margaret should stay there just as long as she liked, and plaintiff, finding that all her efforts to get the young lady out of the house were fruitless, left the house herself on the 9th of June. For several days prior to her leaving the house she alleges that Margaret and defendant shared the same room together, and that he had refused to give her money for household purposes, but handed it to Margaret Long, telling her, in plaintiff's presence, to take charge of the house. Mrs. Quevedo also alleges that her husband told the servant, Eliza Scott, that Miss Margaret was the boss of the house, and that she must mind her, and that she was not to make a place at the table for his mother, Mrs. Julia Ann Quevedo, until he said Margaret had dined. Plaintiff states that on several occasions she ordered Margaret to leave the house, but she refused to go; saying:—"I will do whatever Pop-pie tells me to do, but not what you tell me." She also alleges that defendant would frequently kiss and caress Margaret, and say that he loved her better than he did his wife. In applying for alimony Mrs. Quevedo states that her husband gets a salary of $3,000 a year from the Park Commissioners, and that he also earns a large amount of money as a searcher in the Register's office. The most singular part of the case is the fact that Mrs. Julia Ann Quevedo, a lady 70 years of age, takes a stand against her son, alleging in a long affidavit that she saw defendant and Miss Long in the same room together, the latter partially undressed. That Miss Long returned to the house of defendant in January last, and that she took entire charge of defendant's domestic affairs. The two sons and the daughter, a young lady of 18, take the side of the father and deny all the allegations set up in their mother's complaint. The first affidavit was that of Miss Julia M. Quevedo, who says that on the night on which the plaintiff alleged that the defendant occupied the same room as Miss Long, the former slept in a room adjoining that of the plaintiff, the communicating door being wide open, and that Miss Long occupied the front room with the defendant, Miss Long's own statement to the alleged adultery. She denies the statement in her grandmother's affidavit, and states that when Mrs. Julia Ann Quevedo came into the bed-room the defendant was fully dressed, as was also Miss Long, who had been down stairs. In conclusion, Miss Quevedo says that she does not wish to live with the plaintiff, but desires to live with her father at his residence, where she now lives.

The affidavits of several other witnesses were read, but no new facts were elicited, and at the conclusion of the arguments of counsel the judge took the papers and reserved his decision on the motion for alimony.—*N. Y. World, July 2d.*

WHOLESALE POISONING.

An exciting trial is in progress at Derby, Ct., in which Mrs. Lydia Sherman is the defendant, charged with having poisoned her husband, Horatio N. Sherman, and who, it appears, is not the only victim, it being alleged that she has administered fatal doses to three husbands and eight children. The trial commenced on the 6th inst., in a crowded court room. The evidence adduced is too voluminous for the CLIPPER, but that our readers may be informed, we quote that given by one of the chief witnesses, Prof. Geo. T. Barker, of New Haven, as follows:—

I am an analytical chemist and reside in New Haven. On the 16th of May I found a box upon my table which had just been left by Mr. Sherman. The box was opened and found to contain a jar in which were two packages in coarse cotton cloth. Dr. Phinney told me they were a human stomach, and a portion of a human intestine, the stomach. It contained a free or less quantity of a thick, dark mucus, quite offensive in smell. Upon washing the inner surface it was found to be considerably concreted and indurated. There was no softening, however, of the mucous membrane, nor any appearance of perforation. The liver appeared healthy, with the exception of a small cyst, which was filled with a watery liquid. The contents of the stomach, the washings of the stomach, and the contents of the liver and the stomach were then submitted to the usual process for discovering metallic poisons. The result was that in the contents of the stomach and the washings of the stomach both bismuth and arsenic were found, and in the liver arsenic was found. These results I then reported to Mr. Gilbert, the grand juror. From the symptoms and from the quantity of arsenic that was found in the stomach I have no hesitation in saying that death resulted from poison. There was enough in his stomach to have produced death. Between the 11th June Dr. Phinney came to my house with the stomachs and livers of Ada and Frankie Sherman. The liver of Ada Sherman was first examined. It showed arsenic distinctly. The quantity of arsenic, but one grain, in small quantity. Taking the symptoms and the result of the analysis together leaves no doubt in my mind that Ada Sherman died from arsenical poison. The liver of the child Frankie was also examined, and a quantity of arsenic found to be the cause of death. During the last twenty-four hours, I was surprised to find arsenic in the liver. I am therefore of opinion that the child died from the effects of poison. Its symptoms before death also warrant that belief. There was also delivered to me with the remains of Ada and the baby, Frankie, a box which contained the disinterred remains or organs of Dennis Hurlbert. The liver was submitted to the same test as before, and the element of arsenic found was simply enormous, certainly the maximum amount that the human system is capable of containing. The result of that examination was so decisive that I did not examine the stomach, but there can be no question but that the subject died from the effects of poison. With reference to the alleged absence of the three important symptoms, namely, delirium, purging and convulsions, in the case of Sherman I would state that those are three symptoms that are very frequently absent, purging particularly.

During the delivery of this testimony the prisoner exhibited signs of nervousness. She twitched about in her chair and agitated her face violently. Her great black eyes watched every movement of the professor's lips with an intensity that was painful. When the professor spoke of the enormous quantity of arsenic found in Mr. Hurlbert's liver, a hum went through the audience, and for the first time the black eyes of the prisoner sought the floor. At the time of going to press the case was still on.

A WOMAN ON FREE LOVE.

Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, referring to a letter by "Observer," printed in the *Tribune*, of May 26th, which she terms "an attack made upon the resolutions which I read in the meeting in Apollo Hall," writes to *The Revolution* defining her views on "Free Love" and the "Social Relations." She says:—

The question is, what is free love, of which there is so much talk? It does not mean promiscuous intercourse. It does not mean that the sacred love because commanded to it. Passion, vanity and convenience are bought and sold in the market, are forced into marriage and compelled into hated relations; but it is time that sensible people learned that conjugal union, to be pure and holy, must be of the heart, founded upon respect, esteem admiration and devotion. To no free is to be exempt from subjection to the will of one or many, save Whisher. I propose to stand upon this line and fight it out, resist the force of circumstances from base prostitution, and showing that only to the corrupt can corruption be made out of those resolutions. And again:—First, the law which makes the rendering of marital rights and compulsory maternity on the part of the woman, in the absence of love and congeniality, of health and fitness, obligatory, is a deadly despotism; and no woman thus subjugated can be pure in soul and body. Every woman who is demanding the ballot is, whether she knows it or not, demanding her right to self ownership; and every man who is demanding it for her proclaims that he has grown out of his tyrannies and recognises the right inherent in her to self ownership and self government. Twenty years ago, when to speak of "social freedom" was morally and politically "political freedom," the whole venal press shrieked and howled like demons; the weak and cowardly who believed with us stood aloof and criticised; having won all the outposts, and even entered the citadel, those who were the weak critics spring forward and claim that they always thought so. The "Observers" of to-day will be the loudest in advocating these resolutions, just as soon as the battle is fought and the victory won.

DEMONSTRATIVE ADHERENCE TO FIRST LOVE.—A somewhat interesting case came up yesterday in the Essex Market Police Court, the plaintiff in the suit being one Roderick Johnson, a native of the "Quid Nunc" land; it appears that Roderick and his wife, Maria by name, fell out some years ago, and finally came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as they were not fit companions for life, they had better separate, and they did by means of a divorce legally obtained. This accomplished, Johnson, about two years ago sent his wife to England. A few months after the departure of wife No. 1, Roderick married a second time; his love this time being a fellow-countrywoman, a young creature. Everything went on swimmingly with Roderick and his wife No. 2 until a short time ago, when wife No. 1 re-appears upon the scene, and, learning of her former husband's matrimonial venture, became highly indignant notwithstanding the fact of the divorce. She even went so far as to make a descent on Johnson's domicile, where, encountering the former partner of her bosom, she threatened to take his life. Roderick had her arrested, and she was yesterday taken before Justice Ledwith. She denied that she had ever been served with papers; but wife No. 2 came up and showed the document of divorce obtained from the Supreme Court. The justice dismissed the case, telling the divorced wife that she should leave her former husband alone in future; for, if brought before him, he would be obliged to commit her.—*N. Y. Star, July 1st.*

AT SWORDS' POINT.—At Jefferson Market Mr. Francis G. Bennett, residing at No. 34 East 124th street, was charged, on the 3d inst., with cowhiding Joseph W. Swords, No. 16 Sixth avenue. It appears that Swords has, for some time past, been in the habit of sending insulting letters to Mrs. Bennett, and following her in the street whenever he saw her. He persisted in this disgraceful conduct after being requested several times to desist. To put an end to this insolence of the fellow, Mr. Bennett called at Swords' place and cowhided him. Justice Shandley held Mr. Bennett in $200 bail to keep the peace, but fully justified him in protecting the honor of his wife.—*N. Y. Star, July 3d.*

A LITHUANIAN BABY.—Mr. Barnum is most respectfully informed by the N. Y. *Tribune* that the minutest manikin of a baby has been born in Manchester, Vt. It weighed, upon entering this great world, only 2½ ounces; its face may be covered by a silver dollar, and a lady's wedding-ring can be slipped on its arm. It is a little baby and no mistake, and what a contrast it would make to even the smallest giant in Mr. Barnum's menagerie! Yet all things go by comparison, for the Vermont midget would have been a monster in Lilliput.

BASE BALL.

HAYMAKERS vs. MUTUALS.

SIGNAL DEFEAT OF THE NEW YORKERS.

The Mutuals left town on their second visit to Troy, N. Y., on the evening of Sunday, July 2d, to play the third game on the ensuing day with the Haymakers. The first, it will be of their series with the Haymakers. The first, it will be of their series with the Haymakers. The first, it will be recollected, came off in Troy on May 18th, and much to the delight of the Mutuals, and greatly to the chagrin of the Trojans, resulted in a victory for the New Yorkers by a score of 14 to 3. This was the first game the Mutuals had played with the Haymakers, and consequently there was great rejoicing in the camps of the Mutes. On the 26th of May the Haymakers visited the Union grounds, L. I., to play the return game of the match. Another surprise awaited the friends of the Mutes, for although the odds were 100 to 80 on their pets, they were easily beaten by 25 to 10. The game was a mumm exhibition all through and thoroughly disgusted the backers of the club.

Troy was reached on the forenoon of Monday, and the New Yorkers took possession of the American Hotel, where ball players most do congregate. A quiet morning was spent by the nine, but the balance of the party had a hot time with the backers of the Haymakers, who acted a little shy at first and wanted long odds. Finally, the ball was opened by "Crow" Murray offering even money that the Mutuals would make more in three innings than the Haymakers would in nine. This was accepted greedily by the Troy sports, and was about the only kind of betting done till the ground was reached. Here the New Yorkers offered 100 to 90, but 50 was the best the Trojans would do, and at these terms considerable was invested.

The day was a beautiful one. Rain had fallen the previous night, and the storm on the river was quite severe. It had remained cloudy till 10 o'clock, but had finally cleared off in fine style. The players were all on the ground by 2½ o'clock, and Mr. Chapman, of the Eckfords, having been agreed upon as umpire when the day was fixed for the match, nothing remained, apparently, but to commence the game. But Tony Harriman, the ex-president of the Mutuals, and Captain Ferguson, were seen in close confab, and afterwards Fergy and Craver put their heads together. It finally leaked out that there was a wrangle over the ball. The Haymakers insisted on using a Van Horn "dead" ball, and Ferguson, with the recollection of the Athletic-Haymaker match haunting him, urged the claims of the red dead ball. But still, notwithstanding he had a dread of using the Van Horn ball, he could urge no valid excuse for refusing to play with it. It had about the same bounding power as the dead red when they were tried together, but it looked a trifle larger and felt heavier. It also had a peculiar feeling, a sort of hardness, which is not found in the dead balls usually made by the leading firms in this city. With no means to tell whether the ball was over or under weight or over size, Ferguson had no alternative but to accept it. So at 3 o'clock the Haymakers having won the choice, play commenced, with the Mutuals at the bat.

THE GAME.

First Innings.—Pearce s'epped up to the home-plate, and getting a ball to suit him, popped it over the second base, just beyond Craver's reach; Higham fouled to McGeary; Start sent a grounder near first, sending Pearce to second; Hatfield sent Pearce home on a sharp grounder to centre field, and Start to York; Bellan struck to Craver, and got to third, but the ball was wild, and the bases were cleared—three runs in, only one out, and the New Yorkers feeling good. Ferguson carried a foul over near the spectators, which Flynn caught. Hall came next in his way to send the ball, and Eggler hit to King, who muffed it. Wolters now stepped up to the plate and made a slashing hit to left field, over King's head, and Mills and Eggler scored and "Pop" took third, where he was left by Paterson poking a fly to Pearce in the centre. Craver's out were Flynn on a fly to Eggler, McMullin from Higham to Start, and Bellan forced out at second by McGeary, after earning his base on a stroke to centre field. Score, 18 to 6, and yells, as if from a band of Apaches, heard on all sides.

7. This was another disastrous innings for the champions, as they were whitewashed for the fifth time, while their opponents got into another streak of batting and made nine more runs. Mills was fouled by Pike, Eggler caught out by King, Wolters poked one into Craver's hands, who seemed ubiquitous, and "Pop" sat down. Patterson again astonished the boys by hitting safely to centre field. Pearce tried his old dodge of taking a near base when a man is on that base, but only succeeded with wild shouts by the crowd.....Again the Haymakers scored an unearned run through muffs by Ferguson and Pearce; Pike popped up an easy one over Ferguson's head, which Robby dropped; Bellan flew out to Eggler; Craver hit safely to left, who had stolen second, and came home to third on a passed ball, came home; McGeary hit a hot one to Pearce, and Dicky muffed it, but in trying to steal second Mills threw nicely to Higham, and Mac was out; York was third out on a fly to Higham. Score, 6 to 13 in favor of the Mutuals.

8. Mills earned two bases on a liner to centre; Eggler to base on called balls; Wolters flew out to Pike, Mills running in from third on the catch; Patterson drove a grounder to right field, and as Eggler attempted to go home from third he was forced back to his base by Pike's throw to Bellan—rather close work, though Pearce hit down to his feet and McGeary put him out at first.....York made one base by hitting a grounder to left; Flowers drove a sharp one to Pearce, and York was forced out at second; Fyan was thrown out by Patterson; King sent Flowers to third by making one base on a grounder to right; McMullin hit 4 high one to the same place, out of Patterson's reach, and Flowers and King came home amid the yells of the delighted crowd. Pike was third out on a foul fly to Hatfield. Score, 6 to 2.

4. This innings opened with a couple of muffs by Flowers, which gave Higham and Hatfield their bases on balls; Start sent Hatfield home, Ferguson and Mills—retired on flies to Flowers, York and Pike, the latter making a pretty catch, and again the partisan crowd gave a shout of satisfaction.....Bellan fouled to Mills; Craver drove a sharp grounder to Ferguson, which he handled badly on account of wildly to Start, but Joe made an extraordinary one-handed catch and the umpire gave Craver out, although the crowd didn't think so; McGeary hit safely to left; York's fly fell in Eggler's hands and Fellon was put out by Flowers on a fly to right field. Mc-Geary and Pike came home amid the yells of the excited crowd; Flynn finished the innings by giving Pearce a chance to throw him out at first. Score, 6 to 6.

5. Again was the whitewash brush applied to the Mutuals; Eggler, Wolters and Patterson were the victims, and the work was done by McMullin, Flynn, Craver and Flowers.....By good, safe batting the Haymakers made three runs. King led off by hitting between first and second; McMullin's grounder was sent too close to Start, and, as Joe fielded it himself, he attempted to head off King at second, and as Higham missed the ball, which was a little wild, King was safe at third, from whence he scored on Pike's grounder to Pearce, which Dicky muffed; Bellan hit sharply to centre field and Craver sent them home on a beautiful two-bagger; Craver's hit was stopped by Pearce and Craver was forced out at second; York put an end to the fun by sending a high one to Patterson. Score, 9 to 6, with the Haymakers leading and the crowd jolly all over.

6. Pearce popped up an easy one just over Flowers' head, which King and Dick both went for and neither got. Higham hit to Flowers and Pearce was out at second. Start sent over Craver's head, and Hatfield scored him in the same as Higham served Pearce. Ferguson flew out to Bellan, and, for the fourth time, the Mutes were whitewashed.....This was a disastrous innings for the hopes of the New Yorkers, and, while they were busy trying their luck at the range of Wolters, knocked the lively ball all over the field, making ten first base hits and a total of 18. Every one of the nine made from one to four bases, and the excitement was intense. Pike made a home run, and Craver made two and three base hits. The outs were Flynn on a fly to Eggler, McMullin from Higham to Start, and Bellan forced out at second by McGeary, after earning his base on a stroke to centre field. Score, 18 to 6, and yells, as if from a band of Apaches, heard on all sides.

7. This was another disastrous innings for the champions, as they were whitewashed for the fifth time, while their opponents got into another streak of batting and made nine more runs. Mills was fouled by Pike, Eggler caught out by King, Wolters poked one into Craver's hands, who seemed ubiquitous, and "Pop" sat down. Patterson again astonished the boys by hitting safely to centre field. Pearce tried his old dodge of taking a near base when a man is on that base, but only succeeded with wild shouts by the crowd.....Again the Haymakers scored an unearned run through muffs by Ferguson and Pearce; Pike popped up an easy one over Ferguson's head, which Robby dropped; Bellan flew out to Eggler; Craver hit safely to left, who had stolen second, and came home to third on a passed ball, came home; McGeary hit a hot one to Pearce, and Dicky muffed it, but in trying to steal second Mills threw nicely to Higham, and Mac was out; York was third out on a fly to Higham. Score, 6 to 13 in favor of the Mutuals.

8. Mills earned two bases on a liner to centre; Eggler to base on called balls; Wolters flew out to Pike, Mills running in from third on the catch; Patterson drove a grounder to right field, and as Eggler attempted to go home from third he was forced back to his base by Pike's throw to Bellan—rather close work, though Pearce hit down to his feet and McGeary put him out at first.....York made one base by hitting a grounder to left; Flowers drove a sharp one to Pearce, and York was forced out at second; Fyan was thrown out by Patterson; King sent Flowers to third by making one base on a grounder to right; McMullin hit 4 high one to the same place, out of Patterson's reach, and Flowers and King came home amid the yells of the delighted crowd. Pike was third out on a foul fly to Hatfield. Score, 6 to 2.

4. This innings opened with a couple of muffs by Flowers, which gave Higham and Hatfield their bases on balls; Start sent Hatfield home, Ferguson and Mills—retired on flies to Flowers, York and Pike, the latter making a pretty catch, and again the partisan crowd gave a shout of satisfaction.....Bellan fouled to Mills; Craver drove a sharp grounder to Ferguson, which he handled badly on account of wildly to Start, but Joe made an extraordinary one-handed catch and the umpire gave Craver out, although the crowd didn't think so; McGeary hit safely to left; York's fly fell in Eggler's hands and Fellon was put out by Flowers on a fly to right field. Mc-Geary and Pike came home amid the yells of the excited crowd; Flynn finished the innings by giving Pearce a chance to throw him out at first. Score, 6 to 6.

5. Again was the whitewash brush applied to the Mutuals; Eggler, Wolters and Patterson were the victims, and the work was done by McMullin, Flynn, Craver and Flowers.....By good, safe batting the Haymakers made three runs. King led off by hitting between first and second; McMullin's grounder was

AQUATICS.

FOURTH OF JULY IN BOSTON.

ROWING REGATTA.

In the enthusiasm with which its citizens enter into the spirit of the occasion, and the varied attractions provided for the enjoyment of the masses by the City Fathers, Boston stands prominent in the list of cities where the nation's birthday is thoroughly celebrated, and the memory of the days of '76 kept green. This fact is well known, and, as a natural result, thousands of persons from different parts of New England, as well as from other states, make it a point to pay a visit to the Modern Athens upon each recurrence of this greatest of all holidays, in the estimation of those who revere the memory of Washington and gaze with pride upon the stars and stripes. Chief among the numerous features of the celebration, which serve to attract this multitude of "outside barbarians" is the annual rowing regatta upon the Charles river, the rich prizes which it has for years been the custom to offer for races in nearly all descriptions of boats having had the effect of making this the greatest annual regatta in America, and bringing into competition some of the best professional and amateur oarsmen in the country. Here Josh Ward, Tom Daw, Tom Doyle, Andy Fay, Radford, Jimmy Hamill, Walter Brown, John McKeel, and other champions or aspirants for the championship, have achieved victory or suffered defeat, while the crack double scull, four and six oared crews of America and New Brunswick have feathered the blades for supremacy. This year, however, we regret to state, the regatta compared unfavorably with those of previous years—not because there were fewer races, but because the interest centered in the several contests was much less, consequent upon the competitors therein being confined almost exclusively to oarsmen of local repute, and the absence of those whose achievements have made them famous. This is mainly attributable to the fact that the prizes offered were less valuable than upon previous occasions, the highest being but $300, which would not suffice to pay the traveling expenses of the winners of the race for which it was offered, providing they came from a distance. Such a selfish policy exhibited its effect in the falling off in the attendance, companies with preceding aquatic fustiness on this course. We do not mean to say that the gathering was small, however, for it was not, save in contrast to that which we have, in times gone by, seen there; on the contrary, the river along the mill dam, from the starting point well nigh to the mile stake was crowded four and five deep with humanity, the gentler sex being nearly as numerously represented as the sterner. The roofs of the houses overlooking the water, as well as the windows thereof, the boat house of the Union Boat Club house, etc., were likewise well patronized; while two tugs were laden to the water's edge with human freight, and innumerable small boats—shells, skiffs and scows—were congregated on a line with the judges' boat. The steamer Grace Irving had been placed at the disposal of the judges and was anchored out in the stream opposite the foot of Mt. Vernon street, having on board Dr. John P. Ordway, Michael F. Wells, Jas. Fitzgerald, J. D. Mahar, Chas. and S. McCarthy, members of the press and invited guests. John T. Gardner and John W. Fraser were the judges at the turning stake. Some distance further up stream was moored the yacht Surprise, on board of which were members of the city government, and from this vessel to the Grace Irving was stretched a rope, forming a line which prevented the fleet of outside boats from intruding upon the course, which was kept clear without difficulty. Instead of the customary strong delegation of New Yorkers, interested in boating matters, the only ones whom we met were Ald. Stephen Roberts, P. C. Lynch, Lake, and Hudson K. Germon, from Third avenue and 52d street, who were on the *qui vive* for bets, with a view to "making expenses," but failed to see the desired opening. The Tyler Brothers had provided a boating pool at their stand, which was anchored by the shore at the foot of Mt. Vernon street, and here Dan. Clark, of Boston, exercised his lungs in the cause of personal emolument by selling pools on the races; but, though quite a number of pools were sold, the amount of each was so small that his percentage was very light papers. Here were gathered Jim and John Shea, of Eliot street, and a number of other Boston sporting men, and likewise Farrell, the pedestrian, formerly of Gotham, who has for some time past taken up his habitation at Fort Hill. The weather during the early part of the day had been very unpropitious and it was feared that the threatened rain would fall and compel a postponement of the regatta; but this didn't deter even the most delicate of the fair from braving the apparently impending storm, and trudging through the thick mist which enveloped the city throughout the day, rendering the atmosphere close and sultry. It turned out an excellent day for rowing, however, the otherwise too fervent rays of Old Sol being sufficiently tempered to makes the oarsmen feel like taking a little sharp exercise, for the purpose of preventing their blood becoming chilled by the damp air. Upon the arrival of the appointed hour a cannon was fired from the bow of the Grace Irving, being the signal for the boats entered for the initiatory race to take up their positions, which had been previously drawn for at the judges' boat, blocks of wood, numbered from 1 to 11, being attached to the rope denoting the starting point, placed a sufficient distance apart to prevent fouling.

FOUR-OARED WORKING BOATS.

First on the programme was a race for four-oared working boats, rowed on the gunwale, distance two miles, for which prizes of $100 to the winner and $50 to the second boat were offered. Twelve entries had been made, but of these only eight responded to the call, taking up positions in the order below given, No. 1 being the inside, nearest the shore:—

John Fraser—Andrew Connors (stroke), Philip McKenney, Patrick Regan, Geo. Faulkner (bow).

Minnie W.—Jas. Thompson (stroke), Stephen Evans, Chas. Partelow, Wm. Marman (bow).

Annie M. Coburn—P. A. McGahey (stroke), Frank Clark, M. F. Doherty, Ed. O'Neil (bow).

Annarella—John Theal (stroke), M. Leonard, Abram Craft, Wm. Gunn (bow).

South Cove Boy—D. Collins (stroke), M. Mahoney, M. McCarty, M. Callahan (bow).

Stranger—J. Driscoll (stroke), Wm. McGill, M. Barry, John Driscoll (bow).

E. W. Masters—Jas. Corcoran (stroke), Abram House, Jno. Hamilton, Geo. Thompson (bow).

Young Mechanic—J. Harrington (stroke), D. Glading, J. H. Regan, F. Leary (bow).

All of these boats were lapstreaks, and none weighed less than 200 pounds. The Fraser was a strong favorite, bringing long odds against the field in the pools sold. At the signal a fair send off was obtained, the Osborn and Young Mechanic being first to get off, however. The Fraser, or "North End" crew, were close in their wake, and a few hundred yards sufficed to give her the leading position, pulling direct for the stake-boat, while most of the other boats were steered in a manner which caused them the loss of considerable ground. A foul occurred between the Masters and Stranger after going less than half a mile, which proved particularly unfortunate for the former, as the stake-boat was reached by the Fraser with a lead of three lengths or more, which she increased on the way back, her crew easing up toward the finish and rowing over the line in 14:56, followed by the Stranger in 15:24, Annarella third, Young Mechanic fourth, Annie M. Coburn fifth, South Cove Boy sixth, Minnie W. seventh and Masters last, no time being taken for the six last named. Scarcely had the Masters pulled over the rope ere the cannon boomed forth as a signal for the boats to get into line for the

SINGLE SCULL RACE.

This was the principal event of the day, as far as the interest manifested by the public was concerned, though the prizes were not so large as in the final event. Ten oarsmen had entered their names, but only half that number appeared to contend for the honors and greenbacks, these being as follows:—

Maude Stowell, rowed by Thomas Doyle, Jr. No. 1.

L'Estrange, rowed by Thos. C. Butler. No. 2.

Thomas Manning, rowed by Patrick Harrington. No. 3.

Lily, rowed by J. J. O'Leary. No. 4.

Minnie, rowed by M. R. Noble. No. 5.

For this race Butler had the first choice, selling in the pools for $15, while O'Leary brought $11, and the field, $7. Sometime since, it will be remembered, O'Leary issued a challenge to any man in the country, bar Coulter and Mekeel, to row on even terms, and his known ability combined with this, induced his friends to repose great confidence in him, though they were unwilling to wager their money upon even terms, and as the sequel proved it was well that they did not do so. Butler is a member of the West End Boat Club, and in numerous races upon the Charles river course has performed in a manner to warrant his friends in freely staking their money upon him, as they did that day. The distance was two miles, and the prizes consisted of $100 and $50 to first and second respectively. The positions of the boats were in the order given above, No. 1 being the inside. A most excellent start was effected, the Springfield oarsman, Harrington, who pulled a long, sweeping, graceful stroke, going away in the van, closely followed by the Minnie, while Doyle and Butler were nearly abreast of the former, with a slight advantage. The crowd cheered them lustily, and from the preponderance of voices shouting to Butler it was evident that the sympathies of the majority were enlisted in his favor. The Lily's puller greatly disappointed his admirers in the background, though they didn't lose hope, comforting themselves with the reflection that he was staying there for a purpose and would soon turn on the steam and show the balance what kind of material Worcester could produce. It was a fight race to the lower stake between Butler, Harrington and Doyle, the former having taken the lead after going a little over half a mile, at which time the Minnie commenced to drop behind. Harrington rounded the stake first in order and shortly pursued by Harrington and Tommy, who turned together, and here, it is stated the latter fouled Pat, who called to the judges, but, upon their telling him to pull away and go for second money, he went after Doyle, by a length or two ahead. They were all three close together until within about a quarter of a mile of home, when Harrington, who was by no means in good trim, slackened and the other two had it to themselves. In this manner they came up to the judges, who were as much surprised to see Doyle make so good a race as they were to find that O'Leary was left out in the cold entirely, shouted encouragement to them, and, responsive thereto, the oarsmen put on an extra turn of speed and came in at an excellent pace, Butler crossing the rope first in 15:55½, just two seconds before Doyle, Harrington's time being 16:14; that of the others was not taken. O'Leary complained of having been fouled early in the race, but did not, we believe, make any such statement to the judges. Certain it is that he made a most miserable display, compared with what had been expected, and this was generally accounted for by the supposition that he did not do his best, for the reason that he desired to effect a match with the winner, as had been previously stated. If so, however, it appears rather strange that no overtures to that effect were made after the race, when Butler's friends appeared ready to stake freely upon him. He was in fine condition, and considering the boldness of his recent challenge, his friends had good reason to expect a much better exhibition upon his part. But a few minutes elapsed ere the cannon was discharged and the

WHITEHALL BOATS,

double scull, came into line. The distance was the same as in the previous races, and the prizes offered were $100 and $50, respectively. Three of the four boats entered came into line, as under:—

P. S. Gilmore, rowed by James Magee and Michael Fox. No. 1.

Two Georges, rowed by Geo. A. Jackson and Geo. Ferguson. No. 2.

Joseph Tarider, rowed by L. and J. G. McKinley. No. 3.

The conditions were that the boats should not be less than seventeen nor more than twenty feet long, not less than four feet wide nor eighteen inches deep, and should weigh at least 275lbs. Very little interest was taken in this race, save by the immediate friends of the competitors. The Gilmore had the call at long odds, and the result proved that her crew was well founded, for she got off in the van and kept there throughout, walking right away from the others, and won handily, though not pushed, in 19 17, falling of the Two Georges, in 19:35½, the time of the Tarider not being taken.

The next event was of a more interesting character, as it had been entered for by some of the best oarsmen of the Hub. It was the

DOUBLE SCULL RACE,

for prizes of $100 and $50, two miles, and had eleven entries, of which number, however, only half a dozen started, their names being as under:—

M. F. Wells—Rowed by Thos. C. Butler and Wm. Steele. No. 1.

J. and J.—Rowed by J. H. Butler and T. Doyle, Jr. No. 2.

Geo. McDonnell—Rowed by Geo. McDonnell and Wm. McDonnell. No. 3.

Annie—Rowed by John H. Clark and Wm. Clark. No. 4.

Hyperion—Rowed by W. Appleton, Jr. No. 5.

Mystic—Rowed by D. R. Poor and G. J. Lewis. No. 6.

In the pool selling Butler and Steele (the latter of whom looks for all the world like the ex-champion, Jimmy Hamill) had first choice, Appleton and Stevens (the only entries from the Union Club during the day, we believe) second, the rest selling in the field. Doyle and Butler had the best of the send-off, the prow of their craft having been about eighteen inches in advance of the others when the gun was fired, but this advantage was speedily taken away from them by the oarsmen manning the Wells, who started off beautifully, and, after a few strokes, shot the bow of their boat in front, and gained at a slipping pace, led the way to the lower stake, keeping a straight course, while the others sheered off towards the center of the stream. The Hyperion and the Mystic had good positions until a quarter of a mile or so had been gone over, when they began to lag and gradually lose their grip. The Annie and Annie kept pretty well together all the way down to the turning stake, which was rounded first by the Wells, several lengths to the good. This advantage she maintained until the close, though McDonnell and Steele made an exciting struggle all the way home for second place, which the former succeeded in securing. The J. and J. and Hyperion also fought nobly for the money, though their chances for a prize had slipped from them, and the latter came in at the mouth of the Charles river in front, greatly to the joy of her admirers and to the disgust of those who had placed their stamps on the Hyperion, and who had not backed her to win "little money." Doyle and Butler, by the way, rowed in the same boat in which they were beaten by Fraser in the single scull race. Result:—M. F. Wells, 20:20; Geo. McDonnell, 20:36; Annie, 20:56; J. and J., 21:06; Hyperion, 21:10; Mystic, 21:20. The best winds young fogies record of the season was made when the Wells, Steele and Appleton comfortably impeded their progress not a little. Tommy Lee, by his performances in these two races, not only astonished even those who had an excellent opinion of him before, and proved himself a credit to the old blood he is descended from, but also to the Hub generally, as he is another merely tyronic years of age. His father, the veteran oarsman, who gave Josh Ward about the fastest race he ever had, was present, and, of course, was delighted to see his representative create so much of a sensation. Now came the fifth and closing event of the regatta, being a race for

FOUR-OARED OUTRIGGERS.

Great hopes had been indulged that this contest would prove a most thrilling one, and among those from the east that the entries would be eight and among those were the Atalantas of New York, rumored in row at Halifax and Saratoga by the international regatta. For some reason, however, they failed to make their appearance, or did the crews four other sweeps, leaving but three to contest for the first prize of $200 and $100 to the second boat, over a three mile course. Those three were as follows:—

Charles A. Peverelly, (ex)—Andrew Connors (stroke), James Clary, Patrick Regan, George Faulkner (bow). No. 1.

Centennial, (ex)—West of Harvey Street, Richard O'Hearn, Geo. Dunleavy, Richard Lenahey (bow). No. 2.

Howard, (ex)—Thos. C. Butler (stroke), Wm. Steele, Thos. Doyle, Jr., P. McAuley (bow). No. 3.

The first named was a very strong favorite, being the same four which won the opening race, but had the oarsmen in the Howard not done so much work beforehand they would have been well supported, notwithstanding it was a terrible crew. At the hour was being lowered into the water Tom Doyle made a walk-over and received a ducking, which occasioned some delay, but as soon as possible the competing craft were in line, the cannon boomed forth and off they went, oars stream like arrows from a warrior's bow. The start was a very good one, but the Peverelly crew pulled a three rives, steadier stroke than their opponents and gradually forged ahead, though the advantage obtained was somewhat perceptible to those on the judges' boat, at the starting point. The Lowell crew (Observatory) had second place until about three-quarters of a mile had been traversed, having sometime before crossed the bow of the Howard, but not passing the stake-boat, the latter passed them and endeavored with might and main to overhaul the leaders, who turned and straightened up for the return journey a couple of lengths to the good. From here until they arrived at the home-boat a splendid race took place between the Peverelly and Howard, the latter keeping up a strong pull and making it hot for their antagonists all the way, notwithstanding the North End boys had a much superior boat. The friends of the Howard hoped against hope that they might win the day, and they certainly labored with a will to accomplish the same, but could not succeed, the Peverelly sweeping across the stake in 21:39½; Howard, 22:07; time of the Lowell not taken. There was some talk of the latter having been fouled by the Howard, but no protest drawn was made to the proper officials.

Thus terminated the regatta, which, notwithstanding that the races were well contested and interesting, did not give as much satisfaction as those formerly held on the Charles river, for reasons already mentioned. It would be well, we think, for the city fathers to return to the policy which governed them in previous years, as by offering such inducements as will insure the attendance and participation of first class crews and oarsmen from abroad, they will not only do more to advance the cause of boating there and elsewhere, but will increase the popularity of their annual regattas at home as well as abroad. Many regretted the absence of the Biglins and other first class men, whose presence would have lent great additional interest. But a deeper cause of regret than all was the absence of Walter Brown, who had so often displayed his fine skill and manly proportions upon this course, and whose energy certainly did much for the cause of boating in this country, more especially in that particular locality. He had his faults, but he was a man whom those interested in rowing matters could ill afford to lose, and the fact is very generally acknowledged, even by those who were opposed to him upon principle. After the closing race had been rowed the successful oarsmen pulled over to the judges' boat, where Dr. Ordway handed them the amount of their respective winnings. The throng then quickly dispersed, the majority taking to the Commons, Boston's pet institution, to witness the balloon ascension, "buy a whip" and gaze upon the smiling faces of their fair country cousins, while others adjourned to Shea's, Griffin's and other well known houses, to refresh the inner man and talk over the result of and incidents connected with the different races.

THE SAILING REGATTA.

which was to have taken place from City Point at 11 o'clock A. M., was postponed on account of the thick fog which hung over the water all day, and at this writing we are not informed of the date fixed upon by the committee who were to have met on the 6th instant, to make fresh arrangements.

AQUATIC SPORT AT PORTLAND.

ROWING AND YACHTING.

The chief city of the Dirigo State was not behind her sister cities in doing honor to the nation's natal day, abundant opportunities being afforded by the municipal authorities for the enjoyment thereof by both residents and visitors, all of whom entered with gusto into the festivities of the occasion. Very interesting features of the celebration were the usual rowing and sailing regattas, the former of which excited much interest among the populace, who, however, gave the latter the cold shoulder.

THE ROWING REGATTA

The boat races were fixed for 9 o'clock, A. M., and at an early hour the people commenced to congregate upon the wharves and the eminences from which they could command a view of the course. The water, too, was covered for a considerable distance with steamers, yachts, ings, skiffs, yawls, pleasure barges, shells, dug out and full bottomed scows, each occupying a coveted position. By the commencement of the aquatic jubilee. Promptly at the appointed hour the boats entered for the four cared race were ordered to fall into line. The distance to be pulled was two miles, one turn, for prizes of $100 and $50. The P. O'Donnell, pulled by the Longshoremen crew, came in in 13:43, followed by the Joseph Lovitt, pulled by the West End crew, in 14:07, and the G. M., pulled by the Ariels, in 14:28.

The next race was for sixoedore boats; distance, two miles; prizes, $35 and $15. Four boats entered and started. The Right Bower, pulled by Joseph Littlejohn, came in ahead in 21:01, and the Agonist second, in 21:30. The R. S. Eastman's time was 24:14; while the R. O., pulled by Thomas Hopkins, was distanced. Shortly after the Agonist, would have won the first prize but for an accident. When fairly upon the home-stretch he broke an oar and laid to until a passing boat supplied his want.

The third race was for single sculls, for prizes of $30 and $20, with the following starters:—

No. 1. North Star, rowed by M. Davis.

No. 2. O'Connor Don, rowed by Chas. C. Davis.

No. 3. My Huckleberry, rowed by W. M. Walton.

The O'Connor Don came in in 18:33, and the North Star in 18:46. Walton came home in 18:57, but did not round the stake.

The fourth race was for fishing dories; prizes, $25 and $15; distance, two miles. The entries were:—

No. 1. Shoo Fly, rowed by Harmon Littlejohn.

No. 2. Mocking Bird, rowed by William Shea.

No. 3. Edith May, rowed by A. G. Littlejohn.

No. 4. Little Sadie, rowed by J. H. Alexander.

No. 5. Red Herring, rowed by Thomas Kennedy.

Shoo Fly won the first prize in 23:32½, and Mocking Bird in 24:35. Little Sadie and Red Herring were distanced. The former boat did not round the stake.

THE SAILING REGATTA.

This took place during the afternoon, the first race being for pleasure yachts not belonging to the Portland Yacht Club. The distance was from Union Wharf around the stake-boat off Basket Island and return—13 miles; prizes, $75, $30 and $15. George Trefethen, Alex. Taylor and W. H. Chase acted as judges. The race was sailed according to regulations. Eleven entries were made, and the following boats started. We give their names, the order and time of departure, the arrival and time made:—

Departure.	*Before.*	*Time.*	*Departure.*	*Return.*	*Time.*
Clarence	1.34:05	4.09:15	2.38:00	Delta	1.35:40	4.39:40	2.56:00
Sprite	1.34:05	4.33:45	2.59:43	Tarantula	1.35:30	4.46:20	3.10:50
Nellie	1.35:00	4.19:25	2.47:25	Minnie	1.37:30	4.56:15	2.58:45
Buda	1.47:45	5.01:20	3.13:35				

The judges awarded the first prize to the Clarence, the second to the Nellie and the third to the Delta.

The race of the Portland Yacht Club followed. The wind, at two o'clock, was E. S. E. and light. The boats got under way at the signal, and we record them in the order of their departure. The gentlemen who acted as judges in the former race served here also.

Departure.	*Before.*	*Time.*	*Departure.*	*Return.*	*Time.*
Ethel	2.02:50	4.11:40	2.08:50	Whisper	2.04:30	4.19:03	2.14:30
Nettie	2.03:18	4.19:45	2.16:28	Ella	2.04:30	4.16:00	2.11:30
Sparkle	2.03:43	4.23:00	2.19:18	Laurel	2.05:30	4.24:55	2.19:25
Commodore	2.04:08	4.41:00	2.37:00	Ray	2.05:30	4.16:05	2.10:15
Alarm	2.04:15	4.12:30	2.08:15	Spy	2.07:00	4.16:05	2.09:05
				Kate	2.11:27	4.35:26	2.23:58

According to the rules, allowances were made on account of tonnage, rig, &c., and the grand prizes were awarded by the judges as follows:—The Alarm received the first and the Ethel the second prize for first class yachts; the Spy the first, and the Ella the second prize for second class yachts; and the Whisper the first prize in the third class, no second being awarded, as only two boats entered.

ROWING IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS.

A correspondent forwards to us the following account of a rowing contest between Uncle Sam's blue jackets, which took place last month in the waters of South America:—

United States Ship St. Mary's,
Off Callao, Peru, June 9th, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—SIR.—For the benefit of those interested in boat races and many matters in general, I beg leave to present the following:—An exciting boat race came off here to-day, between the first cutter of the U. S. Flag Ship Ossipee, and the second whale boat of the U. S. S. St. Mary's, for a purse of $150, the outside bets of the crews amounting to $300, for a run of six miles. The stake-boat, however, by a mistake, made the distance seven miles. The betting was spirited on both boats, but rather in favor of St. Mary's. Both crews were fine, able bodied men, and presented a good appearance. At 10½ o'clock, A. M., the boats being ready, the word "go" was given, and the boats dashed off. A better start could not have been made, nor a prettier sight witnessed, both boats side by side, each working hard for the mastery. They kept bow and bow for the distance of two miles, when the St. Mary's hauled three slight by ahead, and kept gaining until she made the Ossipee's boat follow in her wake, and kept her in dead water. By excellent skill and management in rounding the stake-boat, the St. Mary's gained the distance of three boats lengths ahead, which she never lost, and won the judges' boat, defeating the Ossipee's cutter by 1 minute and 45 seconds. The excitement was intense as the boats started, but as the winning boat was within 200 yards of the judges' boat they tossed the two bow oars and cheered the winning boat with the mystic emblem of "Shoo Fly" at the bow of the boat. There was a great deal of excitement, and the crews of the respective ships manned the tops and rigging, and cheer after cheer rent the air. The judges were Lieut. Adams and Acting Ensign Lieut. W. H. Bronson. Stakeholder, Mr. H. T. Sianclift. The Ossipee was the challenging party. Both boats pulled fourteen oars. The winning time was 64:45.

BROOKLINE ROWING CLUB.

This club, hailing from Brookline, Mass., held their annual regatta on Jamaica Pond on Saturday, July 1st, which was one of the pleasantest affairs that ever took place in that vicinity. The first race was for single sculls, and for it there were three entries, viz:—G. H. Balch, of Jamaica Plain; G. Whittemore and W. F. Weld, of Brookline. The course was somewhat short of a mile; indeed, it might well be called three-quarters of that distance. It is a very easy matter to describe the contest, as Balch took the lead after the word was given, kept it handsomely, and won the race with the greatest ease in six minutes and twenty seconds. Whittemore being second, Weld having withdrawn in the early part of the race.

The second race was for four-cared boats, and for this only two crews contested, these being the Eolus, of Brookline, a lap-streak, and the shell Grace, of Jamaica Plain. In this race, as in the last, the boats having to round the flag buoys twice. The Eolus was manned by E. F. Chapin, bow; F. Sumner, H. M. Martin and S. P. Train, stroke; and the Grace by J. Dimmock, bow; J. Curtis, G. H. Houghton and H. Dickerman, stroke. The Eolus took the lead at the start, and won in 11 minutes and 53½ seconds. The time of the Grace was 12 minutes and 3 seconds.

The third and last race was for working boats, and the contestants were the Frolic, of Jamaica Plain, manned by Robert Guild, bow, and J. C. Hazar stroke; No Name, of Jamaica Plain, Daniel Bacon, bow, and William Parker, stroke; Magic, of Brookline, W. F. Field, bow, G. Whittemore, stroke; Charles Swain, coxswain. The several crews struggled bravely for the honors, but the Frolic crew proved the best and came in ahead; time, 8 minutes and 40 seconds.

An amusing tub race concluded the sports of the day, W. F. Weld proving the champion, his competitor, Daniel Bacon, having the misfortune to get capsized.

BOATING AND YACHTING AT LYNN, MASS.

At the above named industrious and thriving New England town a rowing contest and sailing regatta constituted a portion of the Fourth of July celebration. Flax pond was the locale of the former, and here a considerable number of people assembled to witness the race, which was open to working dories, rowed on the gunwale; outriggers and spoons barred. The course, which was at the eastern end of the pond, contained two turning points, being nearly triangular. Three prizes were offered by the city committee, consisting of $20, $10 and $5 respectively, which were contested for by George W. Taylor, T. W. Tompkins, S. T. Maddox, W. C. Cutler, H. E. Clark, W. Kulting and F. A. Norton. Chase won the first prize in 4 min. 10 secs., and Partridge the second in 6 min.

The sailing regatta was for prizes of $50, $25 and $10 to each class, appropriated by the city authorities, and was witnessed by about five thousand persons, who occupied positions at Bass Point, Nahant, along the beach, and on the wharves. The Judges were Geo. E. Carlest, Alles Hay, and S. L. French. After making the allowance in accordance with the rules of the Boston Yacht Club, and reducing the time of the standard, the following is given as the performances of the various boats. In the first class:—Lilly, 1h. 6m. 58sec.; Bertha, 1.57:58; Willie, 1.49:18; Eva, 1.50:15; Planchette, 1.57:43; Mary Mack, 1.59:34. In the second class:—Kate, 1.37:16; Expert, 1.37:53; Georgetta, 1.38:23; Bertha, 1.38:39; P. L. D., 1.42:32; Mary Ann, 1.43:47; Nellie J., 1.44:28; Carrie J., 2 21:46; Gladiola, 2.24:38. In the third class:—Romp, 1.31:41; Tyrant, 1.34:16; Laura, 1.36:10; Dream, 1.36:58; Berrie, 1.43:17; White Rose, 1.45:26; Everett, 1.49:31; Henrietta, 1.43:16; Lillie, 1.46:25; Piora, 1.56:37; Emma, 2.02:20; Nellie May, 2.10:09.

A REACH OF IMPORTANT CHALLENGES.—We find the following challenges from well known carsmen in the issue of *Bell's Life*, dated June 24th:—

Sir,—Having a challenge from James Taylor, offering to match a crew against any pair or four that does not include Ronforth, I hasten to inform you (and him also) that it is only through the want of common courtesy on his part that previously my feelings tended to back a certain party, and I am not without friends to do the same shortly. He (Taylor) also says Bagnell shall row any or all the championships, and if his presumption is not greater than his discretion, he will be found ready to meet him. Should rowing me from Putney to Mortlake for £200 a side; and if Taylor does not think Bagnell good enough I shall only be too happy to row him (Taylor) on the same terms, if he is desirous of a match. Trusting you will do me the favor of inserting this in your next impression, I believe me, sir, yours obliged servant, J. H. RANLAGH.

Teddington, S. W., June 21st, 1871.

Sir,—Having observed a challenge in your journal from J. Sadler to row me for a certain sum, in his behalf, for £200 a side, or for Thames, to-morrow, I am sorry that I cannot accept Mr. Sadler's challenge, as I never intend to have any money to get to row in England. But I shall be very happy to row Mr. Sadler or Ronforth on Australian waters, for £500 a side, and allow Mr. Sadler his return expenses. I have not the slightest doubt that if either Sadler or Ronforth visits Australia they will get a first class reception from the Sydney rowing community, and a couple of matches to fill their pockets. If Sadler is any better than either of the above I shall place £50 in the hands of any respectable party here, and give security for the stakes. Yours, &c., RICHARD ROSS,
Sydney, April 19th. Champion of Australia.

ROWING REGATTA AT BUFFALO.

GOOD RACING AND HIGH PRIZES.

Some time ago several public-spirited citizens of Buffalo set on foot the project of having a regatta take place there on the national holiday which should eclipse anything of the sort ever before held in that locality. The suggestion met with approval and received much support from the people, and the necessary funds were at once made for a rowing carnival upon an extensive scale. Liberal prizes were offered, with a view to inducing visits from first class professional and amateur clubs from other cities, to which the races were to be open, and everything was done to make the regatta a genuine success and the occasion one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. In this laudable effort the managers were successful, though the representatives from abroad were not as numerous as had been desired, only four crews entering—two Pittsburgh, Rochester and Toronto, Ont., respectively. Considering the large prizes offered, it is strange that there were not more, and the non appearance of the absence of those who were safe to bet on as winners by the competition in which they were not properly advised regarding the amount of the several premiums offered and the rules governing the regatta. If a similar affair is arranged for next season (and from the interest exhibited by the citizens in this we presume there will be) those having charge of it will do well to give greater publicity to the arrangements, so that oarsmen in all parts of the country may have a thorough understanding thereof. The weather overseer was not in an amiable mood on the Fourth, however, and opening the vials of his wrath upon the city, compelled a postponement of the celebration until the day following. The course was laid out in Black Rock harbor, and it is estimated that not less than thirty-four thousand spectators witnessed the races from the shore, the decks of the tugs Frank Perew, Bob Anderson, Sarah E. Bryant and Compound, and the steamer Transeo. The Perew was the judges' and committee boat, and had on board Kehrle's band, the presence of which added materially to the pleasure of the assembled multitude. Another band was stationed on the Ferry street bridge, and between the two the air was filled with music and the crowd surfeited with melody. The signal was given shortly past three o'clock P. M. for the boats to take up positions for

THE CLINKER BOAT RACE,

which was the first on the programme. The distance was one mile and a half, with one turn, and the prizes, $30, $25, $15 and $10. The judges for this contest were Geo. Kerr and Edward Hingston at the starting point, and Wm. Hingston and R. J. Gosper at the turning stake. Oscar Folsom officiated as referee. The first prize was won by the Wasp, rowed by Wade; time, 9 min. and 35secs. The second was won by the Young America, rowed by Henry Martin; time, 12min. The third was won by the Leok Sharp, rowed by Barrett: time, 23min. and 30secs.; and the Do Come Along won the fourth in 30min. and 30secs. The fifth boat, the Nellie, rowed by Ryan, was withdrawn. The race was without interest and was so much of a walk away for the winner as not to merit extended notice. It was followed by the

FOUR-OARED AMATEUR RACE,

for prizes of $175, $75 and $50, open to amateurs only, outrigged boats, and much interest was taken in it, as the entries comprised the Hibernian, Buffalo, Riverside, Q. C. Q. and Live Oak clubs, of Buffalo, and the Riverside, of Rochester. The judges were Capt. E. F. Dorr and Capt. Frank Perew at the starting point; G. D. W. Clinton, Capt. Asa E. Hart and Richard Graham at the ferry; Frank Hollister and Capt. Jas. G. Orr at the turning buoy. Capt. Dorr acted as starter and Capt. Perew held the watch. Commodore O. A. Scott was referee. The course was three miles in length and the crews of the several boats were as follows:—

Leahyr, Live Oak Club, Buffalo—Michael Hazel (stroke), James Carroll, Sam. Carroll, Jr., Willis (bow). John Higgins (coxswain). Length of boat, 43 feet; width, 36 inches.

Peerless, Riverside Club, Rochester—E. H. Lansing (stroke), Thos. E. Parsons, J. R. Campbell, W. B. Caulkins (bow). Length of boat, 40 feet 9 inches; width, 17½ inches.

Old Times, Hibernian Club, Buffalo—Michael Hickey (stroke), Hugh Massey, Samuel Jones, Jas. McLaughlin (bow), Jas. Donovan (coxswain). Length of boat, 38 feet, 6 inches; width, 30 inches.

Deacon Q. C. Club, Buffalo—J. L. Thayer (stroke), Jno. V. B. Thayer, Harry Walbridge, Charles Sears (bow), Ed. Williams (coxswain). Length of boat, 43 feet; width, 34 inches.

The boats were started in two divisions, in order to prevent fouling, the first three above named being given away at 4.32 and the others at 4.33. The rowing by each of the crews was creditable, and the contest between the Live Oaks and Riversides was quite exciting. Want of space prevents our giving a detailed description. The time was as follows:—Leahyr, 21:37½; Peerless, 21:59; Old Times, 25:09½; Buffalo, 23:05¼; Deacon, 24:09¾. The first prize was taken by the Live Oaks, second by the Riversides, third by the Buffalos. Now came the great race of the day, in which deep interest was manifested in the

THE FOUR-OARED PROFESSIONAL RACE,

for prizes of $500 to the winner, $175 to the second and $75 to the third boat; open to all save crews participating in the previous race, out-rigged boats; distance, three miles. The judges were the same as in the preceding contest, and, as before, the competing boats were sent off in two divisions of two each. The names of the crews are as under:—

McKee Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa.—Billy Scharff (stroke), age 20 years, 5 feet, weight 138lbs.; Al. Minnier, 21, age 22, weight 144lbs.; A. Erwein, No. 3, age 18, weight 148lbs.; Geo. Verner (bow), age 23, weight 110lbs. Boat 40 feet long, 17½ inches wide; Troy make; colors, blue.

Dillon Crew, Toronto—Wm. Dillon (stroke), age 39, weight 144lbs.; James Douglass, No. 2, age 26, weight 160lbs.; Thos. London, No. 3, age 28, weight 150lbs.; John Davy (bow), age 23, weight 146lbs.; colors, pink.

Tinning Crew, Toronto—G. M. Donnelly (stroke), age 23, weight 138lbs; Tom Tinning, No. 2, age 38, weight 175lbs.; John Tinning, No. 3, age 32, weight 130lbs.; Richard Tinning (bow). Boat 43 feet long, 18 inches wide; colors, blue and white.

Banshee Crew, Buffalo—Cornelius Donovan (stroke), age 34, weight 150lbs.; Patrick Hurley, No. 2, age 22, weight 147½lbs.; Wm. Jones, No. 3, age 26, weight 153lbs.; Jas. Nunan (bow), age 23, weight 164½lbs. Boat Buffalo build; colors, green.

The McKees and Dillons were sent off first, at 5.10, both getting away nicely, the latter pulling the most regular but less powerful stroke. The McKees soon drew ahead and continued to increase their advantage, the Dillons making the most determined exertion in the van, pulling leisurely, in 30:09½, which was excellent time when it is considered that they were not pushed in the race, and could have cut the record lower still by several seconds had the necessity arisen. The canal boat was cleared of spectators, the expected severe struggle between whom was looked forward to with much interest. At the word the Tinnings moved off gracefully and with a powerful stroke, while the Banshees, bent upon a brilliant "go," soon had their white strength into the first dip of their oars, lost control of themselves, and, with the fourth stroke, rolled over into the water. The Tinnings were called back under the rule and the Banshees were righted and once more started, the crew being taken out of the water as speedily as possible. The Tinnings courteously expressed regret at the accident to their opponents, and waited patiently the decision of the umpire, but, as the latter could not see that the Banshees were found to wrench out of place, and the Banshees had to withdraw from the contest. The Tinnings were finally started against time at 6 19, and went over the course, accomplishing the distance in 21:08½. The first prize was awarded to the McKees on the judges' decision, although the latter crew, in the opinion of many, were entitled to the second prize, in preference to the Dillons. It was the universal belief that the Tinning crew could have made better time if they had pulled against a crew instead of going over alone, and there is some talk of a match being made between them and the McKees or Banshees. Thus ended the regatta, which gave the fullest satisfaction, and was more worthy of success than any held on the glorious Fourth. Everything was done to ensure the comfort of and accommodate those attending, and all left well pleased with the spectacle they had witnessed. Such regattas as this will exercise a most beneficial effect upon the interests of this invigorating out-door pastime, and we trust that we may be called upon each year to record similar festive gatherings thereway, each more brilliant than its predecessor.

HARVARD VS. ATALANTA.—This race, which will be rowed in six oared shells on the 16th inst., is the common topic of conversation among the amateur and professional boating fraternity of the country. It will be rowed at Ingleside, on the Connecticut river, a delightful rural resort some eight miles north of the city of Spring field, Mass. Ingleside is the favorite resort and drive of the citizens of Springfield during both the summer and winter months, and a large and comfy hotel called the Ingleside has lately been erected there. The Connecticut, at this point, is a full quarter of a mile wide, with a current of not more than one mile per hour; the water is almost invariably smooth, and the course is straight as an arrow for nearly three miles; there being a slight and gradual curve in the river banks just at its termination. The Harvard-Atalanta race is over a straightaway three mile course; starting about one half mile above the hotel at Ingleside, and rowing down the stream toward Springfield, finishing some two hundred yards from the Chicopee bridge. On July 21st the Union College Regatta comes off at Ingleside, in which the crews of Harvard, Brown and Amherst Co leges will contend for the college championship; Yale, to the regret of many, not entering. On the same day the Springfield Club will give a regatta, in which liberal prizes will be awarded for a series of races, consisting of single and double sculls, four and six oared shells.

THE ANGLO-CANADIAN MATCH

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Mrs. Eugene
Beaumont, Tillie
Bridges, Eloise
Bailey, Hannah E.
Chaille, Edith
Coombs, Jane
Crabtree, Lotta
Clark, Gracie
Conrad, Mrs. C.
Devere, Nellie (3)
Devere, Blanche
Fisher, Kate
Ginger, Mrs. Louis
Holland, Effie J.
Hicks, Nettie
Herring, Fanny
Hyams, Estella
Harland, Ada
Jester, Bessie W.
Lutz, Zobedie
La Barronilla, Mattie
Little Nell.
McClellan, Jennie (6)
Peterson, Louisa
Robinson, Julia
Stevens Sisters,
Truman, Florence
Ten Eyck, Mrs. E. F.
Thompson, Mrs. F.
Tilton, Katie
Wilkins, Marie
Weston, Flora
Worrell, Sophie
Wells, Minnie
Wood, Jennie
Whiffin, Mrs.
Wallace, Etta
Washburn, Emma
Wood, Mrs. Hy.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Atkins, Frank
Atwood, C. T.
Atwood, Chas.
Aimes, Fred.
Abellish, Jeff Ben
Allyne, Prof E.F.J. (3)
Bennett, Frank
Buckley, J. R. (2)
Bidder, Albert
Backenstoe, Edw'd
Budd, J.
Berger, Fred. G.
Berry, S. S.
Boik, Thos.
Barbour, G. A.
Brandt, Jos.
Bernards, C.
Beardsley, Jas.
Berger Family,
Bruce, A.
Berry, Jake
Bristol, W. H.
Buchanan, McKean
Bidwell, David
Blum, John
Brigins, Sig.
Bly, Frank C.
Ball, J.
Beneux, J. J.
Cobier, Jno. W.
Christie, E. C. 2c.
Colvin, E. D.
Collins, Jas.
Clark, J. H.
Carew, Z.
Conkling, Jas.
Clayton, Edw'd
Canfield, Jean
Clarke, Eli
Clark, Bob
Clifford, Charley
Conrad, Chas.
Campbell, Frank
Carhart, J. L.
Denizen, E. B. (2)
Dillon, Jos.
Devere, Sam (2)
Dumont, Frank
De Haven, Claude
D'Orsay, Count Orville
De Haven, Claude
De Mar, Chas. A.
Eberle, Jos. S.
Eddy, Clinton
Faust, P.
Fish, Jos. M.
Fyffe, Chas. J.
Forrester, N. C.
Field, Walter 3c.
Fowler, Johnny
Fox, Jas. H.
Fiske, Harry T.
Fuller, N. W.
Fitzgerald, Alex.
Forrest, Edwin
Fogo, A. C.
Florence, Geo. A.
Firth, Ed.
Gooding E. D.
Greenwall, Hy.
Gordello, H.
Gotthold, E. M.
Gaston, Geo.
Guy, Willie
Hent, Hi (2)
Hart, Harry
Holmes, C. W.
Hilden, Leo
Hopkins, J. P.
Hall, J. L.
Henderson, C. W.
Hano, Hash
Hart, Bobb
Holmes, J. W. 3c.
Howell, Prof. J. P.
Haight, C.
Howard, Chas.
Harrison, W. B.
Holloway, Ted
Johnson, J. T.
Jones, Arnold 3c.
Johnson, Bob
Johnstone, Jas. T.
Johnson, R.
Jackson, John
Joel, Alfred
Keller, Harry
King, James N.
Lawrence, Prof. J.
Langrishe, J. S.
Lennon, Geo.
Low, A. S.
Lewis, Jas.
Lamb, Harry
Lanzier, W. M. (3)
Marshall, W. J.
Marrissey, Johnny
McCarthy, Shank
McCormick, Robt.
Morris, Chas. A.
Murray, Jno. H.
Martine, Prof.
Marshall, H. A.
Martinez, Eugene
Murray, Jno. M.
Minnick, J. L.
McCollum, Jas. C.
Melville, Dick
McCourt, John
McKee, Andy
Newhall, Frank
North, Geo.
Ogden R. D'orsay
Orme, Sam R.
Orton, S. O.
O'Kean, J. H.
Parker, Chas.
Parkes, A. L.
Palmer, C. C.
Payne, Jno.
Pendy, Johnny
Pedaule, Mons.
Rubini, Sig.
Reynolds, A. Jas. C.
Reynolds, W. B.
Rogers, Charlie
Raynor, Hy. J.
Rosso, Leon
Rostetter, W. J.
Roberts, N. D.
Ricardo,
Rogers, Felix
Seely, Chas. W. 3c.
Sandby, E. W.
Sanford, Johnny
St. Leon, Harry
Strickland, W. H.
Seal, David Abbey
Stanton, W. J.
Sexton, M. C.
Stone & Murray,
Schoefel, J. B.
Smith, Prof. H. W. A.
Sheridan, J. F.
Stewart, G. W.
Sharp, Chas.
Salmon, Thos.
Templeton, John
Tillotson, Geo.
Turnour, Alfred 10c.
Thomas, Theo.
Turner, J. C.
Thompson, Chas. J. (2)
Turnbull, Thos. R.
Wilson, Mike
Wood, Harry
Wilton, Harry
Wickert, S. C.
Williams, Gus
Wright, Louis
Waldron, Dan'l
Washburn, L. (3)
Ward, Wm.
Washburn, L. W.
Wharfe, Hy. (2)
Wood, Harry
Wes, Billy
Wheeler, Ben
Wilson, Luke
Wing, Chas. A.
Willis, Rich'd
Waldron, D. G.
Walters, Chas.
Young, Joshua
Zeigler, Jos.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, July 10th, '71.

THE "Glorious Fourth" having passed off without any serious drawback, and the temporary absentees having returned to the city, we are now settling down to our regular routine of dog-day quietness. The streets appear to be as thronged as ever; people hurry along as if the fate of the nation depended on their reaching a certain point at precisely such a time, and they jostle against you without deigning the slightest apology; the stages and vehicles of various sorts move along as if the horses dragging them had seen their best days; and policemen escort pretty girls across the Broadway with the utmost gallantry; everything seems to jog along in the accustomed grooves; but we do miss the faces of many of our Broadway *habitues*—some have gone to the seaside, some to the mountains, some to the springs; their places in the street, however, are filled by strangers visiting the city on business and pleasure combined—we notice the presence of actors and actresses, managers and managed, musicians, minstrels, opera singers, and people in every walk of the show profession; they are here on a brief respite from their duties, improving the shining hours by making contracts for the coming season. By the middle of August the advance guard of the seaside sojourners will be moving on the city, and before the close of the august month the great army of absentees will have completed their martyrdom, and, glad to enjoy the comforts of their homes once more, will have occupied the metropolis in force. In the meantime, as Walt Whitman says, "Let us possess our souls in patience," and make seasonable rhymes on

WARM WEATHER TOPICS.

The summer season has arrived,
When ills folks abound,
Who, because they have no "sit,"
Are *standing* all around;
The torrid heat has made them mad—
At least has them enraged—
Though *ills* yet they foolishly
Declare that they're *engaged*.

The ones who were most fortunate—
For instance, our best stars—
Have left the *stage*, and, leaving town,
Have taken to the *cars*;
Some lesser lights, whose vacant purse
Gives them most fearful shocks,
Finding *stars* are worse
Than being put in *stocks*.

The stage hands, too, are idle, and
They each will tell you that
Though at his trade he feels quite *sharp*
He'd rather feel a *flat*;
All this by quicksilver is caused,
For when that upward rose,
The show'men, whose wares are worn out,
Assumed their summer *clothes*.

The fact is very strange, indeed,
But still 'tis not less true,
That when all nature is most *green*,
All artists are most *blue*;
Yet as its darkest 'fore the dawn,
For blues there is no call,
And fakes should let their hopes *arise*,
Thinking of the fall.

.....We pity the supe in a dull season—he seems so utterly bereft, as it were; he is isolated, so to speak, from everything and everybody; a noble Roman when the season's brisk, he is now not even a "walking gent;" knowing that he is not "on" just now, proprietors of lunch resorts do not accord to him that courtesy which he is accustomed to meet with when the "ghost walks" regularly; he keeps on the trail of some great tragic star, for whom he entertains the highest respect, and for whose cause he has so often been the leader of a valiant band upon the mimic boards; he may be seen occasionally in our courts of justice, carefully scrutinizing the motley crowd always in attendance, and taking lessons from their actions the while, in order that he may act the felon to the life, or be a natural looking, grave and reserved dispenser of justice when he dons the wig and ermine in a stage trial. See him yonder as he plods his weary way along the crowded thoroughfare; see with what delight he recognizes the "first heavies" of the Bowery, and how his chops fall, and what a sepulchral expression is displayed on that erstwhile urbane countenance as he views the closed doors of his favorite theatre; again his spirits are raised as he catches a glimpse of the low comedy man, and the bare recollection of his many comical sayings, revive in his breast a thousand pleasant reminiscences of his stage associations, and he longs once more for the return of the autumn days, when the theatre reopens and the supes are in their glory. We cordially sympathise with our supernumerary friends in their bereavement, and hope that their services may be in greater demand than ever when the campaign commences....."Our Jim" seems to have had a "ely 4th of July, if we can judge from a perusal of the subjoined epistle from the youth:—

"OUR JIM" AND HIS SHO.

WALDENSEE, July Sicks.

FRIND CEZ—We a'r heer to-da but gorn to-morrer. This is a tru sayin, and authin' haint more applicabler to the sho bis than this heer. Wen I larst rote in yu we was in Cannader, but with the mornin's fust dorn we was up and awa; we was sorry that we had tu leve without seein our bil, becors the lankord was a good eg and nose how to kepe a tavrin; but, as he was a slepe in the fust throe of a delishis slumber, we diddint keer tu arowse him, and so we was forst to leve him tu his happy dremes, as we tuk our solleriery passidg across the lines. This is a rite peart willidg of sevirl thousands of pepil, hoom gose thare bottim dollar onlu a sho, which shose that thare heds it is levil, I hav no dout. Her commurse consists of a store, blazmith shop, skule house and appil jax de pot; her soshil peralshin is A Wun onter the books of the nu york commersshil agintuy. Afore enterin this grate and gloryus sitty we sent forrid our bil sticker, our riter, or manidger of the press, her bianis man and uther akoute in numeris tu menshin, as yu sir aware. Wen we made our intre we persevd a grate hurd a pin drop in any house, becors the pepil was in the streets, and orl nacher was glad, to speke in poetick langwidg. If sum of our N. York buglers was hier, the coot of arms under the sho wu impunerly, such was the anxshiusness tu git a site at our fre and independint sho, which it is nacherll, seein' it diddent cost nuthin, which is a grate savin tu a ockernomikll rase of pepils, as yu must a' notis, in leve him tu his happy dremes, as we tuk our solleriery passidg across the lines. This is a rite peart willidg of sevirl thousands of pepil, hoom gose thare bottim dollar onlu a sho, which shose that thare heds it is levil, I hav no dout. Her commurse consists of a store, blazsmith shop, skule house and appil jax de pot; her soshil peralshin is A Wun onter the books of the nu york commersshil agintuy. Afore enterin this grate and glorysus sitty we sent forrid our bil sticker, our riter, or manidger of the press, her bianis man and uther akoute in numeris tu menshin, as yu sir aware. Wen we made our intre we persevd a grate hurd a pin drop in any house, becors the pepil was in the streets, and orl nacher was glad, to speke in poetick langwidg. If sum of our N. York buglers was hier, the coot of arms under the sho wu impunerly, such was the anxshiusness tu git a site at our fre and independint sho, which it is nacherll, seein' it diddent cost nuthin, which is a grate savin tu a ockernomikll rase of pepils, as yu must a' notis, in havin crorld under the canwid under the dimes ov hiz a skersuer of manavlins. It was da lie onto the ever-membil 4th, as we strode past the blazsmiths offis, ontu which our indefatigabll bil stiker had pasted a lumenated bi sheter, printed intu ort the dullers of the sho, and short it was the blazsmith and hiz prentis, hoom giv us 3 cheres as our band struk up that sole inspirin air:—"As I Warkt E, and the Bettrin Hous Gardin," writ by Dyin Borescekort, and set tu musik by the influnce of the 9 regimentis band. The hole corawan p[illegible] in the offis of the *Independent Herald of Freedim*, the entire korpse un[illegible]verin as we rode bi in ori the pride and succumstances of war, if I may be alound a figger of speche, likewise the *Herald* was illustrated wi[illegible] a colium ad. to gane his pool wil, which uther wise is a barbicur if he [illegible]sent sene, and sea wery ruff things if the agint dussent chip up, to s[illegible]se in sporting trase, which gose tu sho the yuse of agitas in a morril p[illegible] of vue. It was a site for sore eyes, as our tickit agient opend the gate for us to put his patsbords, so tu speke; and wen the tent was o[illegible]ed tu the brege, and the glorysus old resideniers sort thare humbil selves, it was a site fur sorer eje, the guris bein' drest in thare most gorejus close, hoom, it is sed, Rollerma was the server [illegible]n; the pianeter and his cool cood of thin thare tha cood of drorn a most surprisin and exadjeratin pitcher—our candy stand tuk in mourney like it was worter, and, wen the sho wus out, thare wussent a penut, nor a prise that say a ri sweet, nor a bole of candy, nor a pipe of Wm Mountis avbanal; yu never sene such spendithrifs in ori yure born dase; our resseps at the close that afternune was 6 thousand 9 hundred and 20 dollars and three quarters, wich is a grate deel of munny for a town of fife site and wate; it was think time lyin, but I haint, I rise abuv such squeamishnis, I du, and dare to tel the troeth, in spite of ori calleray; like onto the de Sacred was the site, now that the hole korn turned out in there mite to du honner to our lains' hyeaner, and the commiesh hop frog and jimpin hangru; our candy butcher had lade in nu stox of goods, intludin sum chose whiskey, which, owin tu a skarsetiy of water, went of like hot kakes; Sundin the strands of the commerdy house was ded beds on ori important occasbins like the 4th of July. Our resseps for this nite was 5 thousand 3 hundred and 2 dollars, accordin to "The Surkis Man his own Reddy Reckoner," which no sifrer should be without, I gess. We hav'nt no idear of the enthusiasms of the pepil; I pat the lains hyeaner and the uther performin insex thru thare doorseys, and wen the sho wus out, and I had seted myself inier me starnsht, the grate crowd outside shout jize a negro coot jize a knocks the inside hoom wus attacht to the wehikell tha dru 'em out of thare barnes, and hitchin emselves ontu us the drord me, with a speds as will to the uther musis, in triump thru the strotes and dumpet into Hika's hole of trust afore the entrans of the hall to the amusemishin and amoosement of the assembbil multitood. A lorje site it was, I tel you, and I hope this ma find yu the same. I tel you, dere frend, that the 4th of July we got wun ware there is no shose; we kin cum egin, ya bet; uther shose has bin here, but tha was a dagreeuses to the perfeshin; the Wareegated has ever sen nil; no uther shoe ever had sutch a yoreil hop frog as ours; no uther shoe ever had sutch a sensashin appeear, and made a slide a hallo! I gess I gone his comikkil lat that nite. By runeversal request I went on with my here anntire [illegible]—the pepil is wild about us. I was on with my here anntire [illegible]—the pepil is wild about us. I was on with my here anntire [illegible]—the pepil is wild about us. I was

of the best things of the week for such a newspaper sport, introducing the medusa of '71 Trovollora, in which Fiorini's spectacular Leotard, and Fox, Kelly, Dannie and Lamont give some clever vocal music. The engagements of the company prevent their remaining in Chicago longer than this week. Their route ahead is as follows:—July 14th, Xenia; 11th and 12th, Springfield; 13th, 14th and 15th, Columbus; 17th, Newark; 18th, Steubenville; 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, Pittsburgh. Their regular season in Chicago will commence on the 21st of August. .....The Hamlin Brothers' Minstrels dissolved in Freeman, Ohio, June 30th, for the summer. They expect to re-organize in the fall.

HOPE, TARRY'S FEMALE MINSTRELS performed in Halifax, N. S., July 1st to 5th inclusive; Truro, 6th; Coal Mines, 7th; New Glasgow, 8th, and are billed ahead as follows:—Pictou, 10th; Windsor, 11th; Wolfville, 12th; Keatville, 13th; Bridgetown, 14th; Annapolis, 15th; Lawrencetown, 17th; Berwick, 18th; Hantsport, 19th; Parrsboro, 20th; Sackville, 21st, and Amherst, 22d.

THE MOORE'S RED FEMALE MINSTRELS performed in Gananoque, N. Y., July 7th. This company is Green's Female Minstrels re-organized. The company now is as follows:—J. E. Green, mocking bird imitations; Jennie Engan, dancer; Florence May, serio-comic; Adele le Farren, protean vocalist; Miss. Maria Pelmer, soprano; Lettie Scott, vocalist; Charlie Atkins, tambo; Charlie Burnham, bones; E. Kesminet, violinist; Frank Vomero, harpist, and Charles Thompson, solo cornet. George Melville & Co., managers; J. E. Green, stage manager, and George S. S. Wallace, business agent.

LEW BRIMMER received a benefit at Cooperstown, N. Y., July 6th.

NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are billed to perform in Akron, O., July 10th.

MANNING'S MINSTRELS are announced to commence a brief season at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 19th.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS closed a four nights' season in Louisville, Ky., July 8th, and are billed to perform in Evansville, Ind., 10th and 11th; Indianapolis, 12th and 13th.

WILSON, HUGHES & WHITE'S MINSTRELS performed in Buffalo, N. Y., July 4th and 5th.

HANY, EYMAN & BARNEY'S MINSTRELS performed in Rome, N. Y., July 6th, and are billed to perform in Rochester 15th and 17th, and Buffalo 18th and 19th.

THE BRYANTS' MINSTRELS did an excellent business at the Brooklyn Park Theatre during the week ending July 8th. "Little Mac" being an attractive star of the troupe, he sharing the honors each evening with Dan Bryant. The performance was excellent and drew a first class attendance.

Circus.

THE COMMONWEALTH CIRCUS exhibited at Roslyn, L. I., July 6th; Glen Cove, 7th; Huntington, 8th, and is billed to be at Port Jefferson, 10th. This company will remain up Long Island until August and then will go up the Hudson river, thence into Canada. It is reported that the business has been good so far, and it seems that cooperation among performers will prove successful.

A. C. HARRIS, of Lebanon, Ky., is anxious to learn the address of Ira W. Smith, with "Yankee" Robinson's Circus, as he has business of importance to Mr. Smith to communicate.

HEMMINGS AND COOPER'S CIRCUS performed in Centralia, Ill., July 4th, and is billed to perform in Carbondale the 10th.

JAMES ROBINSON'S CIRCUS opens, for one week, in Cincinnati, O., on the 17th. They will spread their canvas on the corner of Laurel street and Central avenue, in the heart of the city. The lot is splendidly located, and until lately was occupied by a lumber yard.

SHELDENBURGER & CO'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibited at Indianapolis, Ind., on July 8th. A correspondent traveling with this show sends us the following, dated July 6th:—"Since entering the state of Indiana the show has done a big business, while on the Fourth of July, at Crawfordsville, the receipts are said to have been thirty-two hundred dollars, giving three shows during the day. At Winemac, Ind., on June 23d, an attempt was made to steal some of the company's horses, which was 'nipped in the bud,' but the thieves escaped. At night, when the show was over and had just started away, they were fired upon by these thieves and midnight assassins and two of the company were wounded. The woods which concealed the villains were thoroughly searched, and if they had been captured they would certainly have been hung to the first tree, but in the darkness of the night they escaped. They exhibit at Martinsville, Ind., July 14th.....J. E. Warner & Co's Menagerie, Museum, Circus, Caravan, Variety and Hippodrome, under three big tents, are billed to exhibit at Decatur, Ind., on July 10th. This is now one of the largest shows in this country and is meeting with great success everywhere. J. E. Warner, one of the ablest of our showmen, runs the concern. It goes into Michigan and remains during the month of August, after running against Adam Forepaugh, in Ohio, for the two last weeks in July."

WOOTTEN AND HAIGHT'S EMPIRE CITY CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is to play one week in Halifax, N. S., commencing July 31st.

HEMMING AND COOPER'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is billed to exhibit in Paducah, K., July 17th.

ROSSTON, SPRINGER AND HENDERSON'S CIRCUS performed at Danville, Ill., July 8th.

THE RICHMAN CIRCUS is in Illinois and will be in Terre Haute, Ind., July 15th.

LAKE'S HIPPO-OLYMPIAD exhibited during the entire past week in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is going through to California, expecting to be in San Francisco the latter part of this month.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS performed to very large audiences in Peoria, Ill., on July 4th, when four performances were given. The riding of Sam Stickney was par excellence, while the graceful poses of little Minnie Marks surprised all. The Menagerie and Museum contain some fine and rare specimens, the sea lions attracting the curiosity of all. There were 27,736 tickets sold, and people were turned away. This number includes half tickets for children. So wrote our correspondent on July 6th.

G. F. BAILEY'S CIRCUS is billed to exhibit in Toronto, Ont., July 17th and 18th; Brompton, 20th; Brownstown, 22d; Newmarket, 24th; Bradford, 25th; Barre, 26th; Staynor, 27th; Collingwood, 28th; Malford, 29th; and Owensound, 31st.

MRS. CHARLES WARNER'S NATIONAL CIRCUS performed in Laurel, Ind., July 4th; Clarksburg, 5th; Greensburg, 6th; Shelbyville, 7th; and Franklin, 8th. Thence they were billed to go through Southern Illinois.

FROM WATERTOWN, N. Y., a correspondent writes us that not a single circus has visited that town this season, and that the inhabitants would rejoice to welcome some company.

A REPORT HAS GAINED CREDENCE that the city and county license for exhibiting a circus in Wooster, O., is seventy-five dollars. A correspondent informs us that such a license can be had for forty dollars, and adds that a good circus has not visited that town during two years.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibited at Columbus, O., July 6th. A correspondent, who wrote on the 7th, says:—"Both afternoon and evening the canvas was so crowded that hundreds of people could not gain admission."

JAMES ROBINSON & CO'S CIRCUS exhibited in Evansville, Ind., July 5th, and is billed to perform one week in Louisville, Ky., commencing July 11th, thence to Lexington for two nights.

Miscellaneous.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Auburn, N. Y., is very favorably spoken of by C. D. Hess, whose card is in another column.

TWO CANDY BUTCHERS desire an engagement. Address Harry Bailey, care of this office.

WILLIE WARE, who advertises, states that he is prepared to do all manner of dramatic literary work.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Minersville, Pa., has been recently fitted up with dressing-rooms, stage, etc. It will seat about four hundred persons. Parties wishing to rent it will find the agent's card in another column.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., is advertised to rent by the day, week, or month.

WM. DAILEY advertises that he can be engaged as agent for a gift show.

C. P. SHERMAN states through an advertisement that he intends taking the road with a new entertainment in September.

A YOUNG LADY is wanted to learn gymnastics by L. H. Richardson, who advertises.

HARRY WESTON, business manager, advertises that he can be engaged.

ANOTHER CASE OF SWINDLING is reported to us from Augusta, Ga. A person giving the name of George Sinclair and claiming to be the advance agent of Professor McAllister, has fraudulently obtained goods, railroad passes and board and gave orders on the Professor and then disappeared.

PROF. HERRMANNS' GIFT SHOW performed in Rockland, Me., July 7th.

PROF. J. DE LANTIE, the gift wizard, is advertised to perform at Johnstown, Pa., July 13th; Millerstown, 14th; Washington, 15th; Hummelstown, 17th; Sunbury, 18th and 19th; Berwick, 20th; Ringold, 21st, and Boyerstown, 22d. H. A. B. Williams, who was some time since with the Commonwealth Circus, has joined him as advance agent.

J. W. FOSTER, agent, treasurer and advertiser, can be addressed care of this office.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is announced to perform at New Brunswick, N. J., July 11th; Elizabeth, 12th; Rahway, 13th; Newark, 14th and 15th; Morristown, 19th, and Patterson, 19th and 20th.

A PANORAMA, with engravings, wood cuts, &c., is advertised for sale in another column.

THE HALL at Clarksburg, W. Va., which has a seating capacity of three hundred, can be rented through J. W. Ramson, who advertises.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS exhibited in Waco, Texas, June 26th and 27th, and from there they were to have gone to Hillsborough, Dallas, McKinney, Sherman, Bonham, Paris, Parrant, Clarksville, Mount Pleasant, Jefferson and Marshall (Texas) to Shreveport, La., and from there direct to Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Charleston, S. C., can be rented through Julius L. Moss, who advertises. It will seat twelve hundred persons.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

OF FOREIGN AMUSEMENTS, of which our advices are up to June 29th, there is very little to note in the way of novelties. At the Haymarket, the new farce, by Madison Morton and A. Young, is thus criticised by the Saturday Times:—"Not if I Know It' is the name of the Priest's new farce. It is a delicious dream. It has scarcely a pretense to intelligibility or to connection. Scene succeeds scene, as it draws forth such roars of laughter as greeted its first representation there is little need to inquire too closely into its originality or its meaning. The scene opening discloses the customary domestic menage or haven: a young couple and a scolding mother-in-law. Mr. Augustus Tarbiggins would live on pretty comfortable terms with his wife's 'ma' for the interest of Mrs. Major Parker, his wife's mother. That lady's vigilance is only equaled by her sense of propriety, and Tarbiggins, who really has a moral, finds it difficult to keep matters quiet. He has met with a young lady of sensitive heart and delicate nerves, and has rescued her from a runaway cripper, representing himself, while commanding it, as a single man. Since that time he has been deluged with love letters and invitations. This state of affairs has not escaped the vigilance of Mr. Chirper, who remonstrates with him, but does not at first see the cause. Mr. Chirper is himself married, but has separated from his wife on the plea of incompatibility of temper. Painful as have been the experiences of Tarbiggins, they are as nothing to the misery of his wife and his mother-in-law his tormentor comes to the house, and, for some mysterious and not very comprehensible reason, persists in assuming madness. The ladies return and the nuisance pushes his attentions to extremes. Chirper, to extricate Tarbiggins from his dilemma, declares that the woman hidden in his wife's room is his friend, declares that the woman hidden in his wife's room is his foreigner. His surprise may be imagined on finding that his device is only the truth. The situation thus created is a good one, and would be so as far as its purpose of exciting laughter is concerned, thoroughly effective. From the beginning to the end the laughter of the audience did not cease, though more than once its continuance was interfered with by the cessation of the dialogue, as two persons in the presence. Mr. Bothern's representation of Tarbiggins is in his first and most amusing vein. It is full of absurdity and is heartily to the taste of the audience. Miss Caroline Hill exhibited Mrs. Major Parker in her usual tone, and Miss Amy Roselle, Mrs. Chirper. The doctor was rendered by Mr. Everill, and a comic cricketer was presented by Mr. Rogers. All was received with great favor, and the piece, which was quite successful, seems likely to retain its place to the end of the season."

.....The Court Journal says:—"The 'new' farce of 'Not if I Know It,' produced at the Haymarket, is the compressed form of a three-act comedy called 'Mr. Tarrantop Tabb,' which, we remember, was acted last autumn frequently during his yearly tour, and which was taken from 'Les Saupiéres d'un Homme,' of which Mr. Oxenford had previously given a clever version at the Olympic six years ago, under the title of 'A Cruel Shock.'"..... "The Biter Bitten," or, The Fever from Many Lands," which was produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Eng., on the 17th inst., is from the pen of Mr. Augustus Harris, the new lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, Signor Mendioroz, from the San Carlo, Naples, and Signor Signio, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, have arrived to assume the baritone-bass parts. The former is a Spaniard, and is credited in Italy with being the best Rigoletto since Signor Ronconi. Signor Signio, in the Austrian capital, has been dividing the honors with Herr Beck, one of the best baritones of the day, whether as regards voice, style or acting. With the arrival of Signor Signio, the subscribers will naturally look to the production of Herr Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman,' in which M'lle Muraka created such a sensation last season. Signori Vizzani, Rinaldini and Foli, were in the cast, and are here, so that there is only one change needed for the revival, the substitution of Signor Signio for Mr. Santley. There are still three artists who have been promised for the prospectus, and have not yet made their debuts—M'lle Ida Reno, Madame Corini and M'lle Cecile Fernandes. The two last mentioned are in London. M'lle Reno's appearance is postponed until next season, on the ground of ill health. As for the operas promised, the revival of 'Anna Bolena' and the production of Herr Flotow's 'Ombra' are naturally looked for. The attraction of M'lle Marimon and M. Capoul ought not to prevent the Director's pledges from being fulfilled. .....As regards Covent Garden, the unredeemed promises at present are the revivals of Halevy's 'Juive,' with Madame Pauline Lucca and Madame Miolan-Carvalho in the cast, and of Rossini's 'Donna del Lago,' and the production of the Italian adaptation of Auber's 'Diamans de la Couronne.' Madame Adelina Patti was announced to sing both in the operas of Auber and Rossini. Cimarosa's 'Assunta Fermminili' will be in the same category as his 'Matrimonio Segreto' at Drury Lane—not forthcoming. The non-revival of 'Le Prophete,' with Madame Lucca as Fides, will cause no regret, Meyerbeer's operas being massacred at Covent Garden; and as regards the 'Hamlet' of M. Ambroise Thomas, which is announced for the 29th inst., it is the only attraction in the next ming of M. Faure as the Danish Prince, which contributed much to the popularity of the opera in Paris. As M'lle. Nilsson is in America, no other Ophelia, except that of M'lle. Marimon, could be tolerated. The rivalry of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane impresarios has been great in competing for stars; it is a pity that there is not the same eagerness exhibited to keep faith with their subscribers. The last days of July are coming and at both houses the promissaries have been disregarded. This system of breaches of faith in the long run will prove fatal to the opening of a good subscription list to open a season."..... According to the Court Journal, "before the season ends Mr. Mapleson will give two grand day fêtes under the patronage of royalty. The first, which will probably take place on July 12th, is to take place at the Albert Hall, under arrangement with Her Majesty's Commissioners for the International Exhibition. There will be a grand concert in the Albert Hall, at which all Mr. Mapleson's artistes will appear. The concert will be followed by a promenade in the Horticultural Gardens, where two or three foreign military bands will be heard for the first time in England. On the 19th of July (as in 1869) Mr. Mapleson will take his annual benefit at the Crystal Palace, under the direct patronage of his royal highness the Prince of Wales and a host of the aristocracy. There will be a grand concert, a full operatic ballet, display of all the fountains, an opera, in which the pets of her majesty's opera will appear, and, as a brilliant and final blaze of triumph, the display of fireworks is to be something unique, even for the Crystal Palace."

THE MUSICAL EVENT of the week ending June 24th was the Handel Festival. The Athenæum publishes a record of these festivals from their inception, from which we extract the following:—"The notion of the Handel grand gathering in the Crystal Palace, to do honor to Handel by performing his works on a scale of unprecedented grandeur, emanated from the late Mr. Bowley, for so many years the life and soul of the Sacred Harmonic Society in its administrative capacity, and also the sole manager of the Sydenham Handel Festivals. The intention of the Sacred Harmonic Society with the Crystal Palace commenced with a choral celebration in 1856; this was followed by a Mendelssohn Festival in 1857, a performance of Haydn's 'Creation' in 1859, and of Mendelssohn's 'Athalie,' with the Exhibition Overtures, in 1862. The opening of the palace on the 10th of June, 1854, had the assistance of the society, with an effective force of 1,710 instrumentalists and choristers, under Mr. Costa. The first of the Triennial Festivals, with the extended organization, was given in 1857 (June 23d, 25th and 27th), with the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt,' one of the days being devoted to a selection from the oratorios of Saul,' 'Samson,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' 'Joshua,' 'Solomon,' the Dettingen Te Deum,' 'Jephtha,' 'Alexander's Feast' and Occasional Oratorio.' The leading singers were Mesdames Tietjens, Rudersdorff, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa, Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, the late Mr. Weiss and Signor Belletti. On the 24th of June, 25th and 26th of June, 1865, was the second triennial meeting, the selection being from 'Sampson,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' 'Acis and Galatea,' the 'Coronation Anthems,' 'Esther,' 'Deborah,' 'Alexander's Feast,' 'Belshazzar,' 'Solomon,' 'Occasional Oratorio,' 'Jephtha,' 'Messiah,' 'Dettingen Te Deum,' 'L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso,' 'Alexander's Feast' and 'Samson,' &c. The leading artists were Mesdames Tietjens, Rudersdorff, Lemmens-Sherrington, Sunderland, Kellogg, Carrión, Enderssohn, Dolby, Mounsey Bartholomew, Patey, Weiss and Signor Foli. The fourth festival was celebrated last Monday, the 19th, Wednesday, the 21st, and Friday, the 23d. For the selection day, on the 23d, Handel's 'Te Deum' was given in its entirety, as also the 'Coronation Anthems,' 'Esther,' 'Deborah,' 'Alexander's Feast,' 'Athaliah,' 'Orlando,' 'Rinaldo,' 'Allegro ed Il Penseroso,' 'Alexander's Feast' and 'Samson,' &c. The leading artists were Mesdames Tietjens, Sinico, Lemmens-Sherrington, Trebelli, Patey, Mounsey Bartholomew

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Department—such as extracts from other papers, etc., thirty cents per line, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for ADVERTISEMENTS when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR.

A GRAND SERIES OF OVATIONS.

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AND HIS GREAT TROUPE

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TONY PASTOR'S FIRST TRAVELING TOUR IN SIX YEARS.

Playing nightly in the New England cities to larger audiences than were ever before assembled in the same places.

NOTHING CAN EXCEED THE ENTHUSIASM of the people.

THE WILDEST EXPRESSIONS OF DELIGHT, THE MOST EMPHATIC TERMS OF APPROBATION, are showered upon this matchless troupe (the only cause of regret being the disappointment of the hundreds unable to gain admission.)

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TURNED FROM THE DOORS.

PROCLAMATION.

Designing parties having circulated a report that TONY PASTOR does not appear with his troupe,

A REWARD OF $500

will be paid to any person proving that, in any one instance, he fails to appear at each and every entertainment in a new collection of HIS OWN COMIC SONGS.

The company will perform as follows:—

ALBANY, N. Y.	WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH.
TROY, N. Y.	THURSDAY, JULY 13TH.
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.	FRIDAY, JULY 14TH.
UTICA, N. Y.	SATURDAY, JULY 15TH.
ROME, N. Y.	MONDAY, JULY 17TH.
WATERTOWN, N. Y.	TUESDAY, JULY 18TH.
OSWEGO, N. Y.	WEDNESDAY, JULY 19TH.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	THURSDAY, JULY 20TH.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	FRIDAY, JULY 21ST.
BUFFALO, N. Y.	SATURDAY, JULY 22D.
BUFFALO, N. Y.	MONDAY, JULY 24TH.
ERIE, PA. (13-4t)	TUESDAY, JULY 25TH.

SAM CARLINGTON,
THE CELEBRATED STUMP ORATOR
and general Performer, and
BILLY GINNAVAN,
SONG AND DANCE MAN AND CHAMPION JIGGIST,
Cannot be Excelled. Can be engaged together. Address
15-18* ARCADE HOTEL, Troy, N. Y.

NOTICE.
THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
engaged for next season will please meet at Lexington, Ky., on Monday, August 7th, for rehearsal, &c., at Broadway Hotel.
15-2t McKEAN BUCHANAN.

MISS TILLIE BEAUMONT,
Your mother has arrived in New York from England. Address 177 Lawrence street, N. Y., to Mrs. Fordopp. 15-1t*

A RARE CHANCE.
VARIETIES THEATRE, Washington street, Memphis, Tenn., ESTABLISHED 21 YEARS,
is now for rent, low, to responsible parties only. Address
15-1t* WOODRUFF & CO., 179 Main st., Memphis, Tenn.

WM. DAHLE
Can be engaged as AGENT for a gift show; has a good route to make money; 3 years with Fakir of Ava. Address
15-1t* N. W. cor. Gay and Front sts., Baltimore, Md.

TWO FIRST CLASS
CANDY BUTCHERS
CAN BE ENGAGED.
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HARRY BAILEY,
15-1t* Care of Clipper Office.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,
MINERSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA.,
Has just been fitted up with
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